THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVIII No 12 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1929.

$1.50 per year in advance

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Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

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South of Paisley House.
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15tf

PAEONIES IRIS AND PHLOX

for Fall planting. Catalogue and prices on request.

**The Belleville Nurseries,
179 Dundas St. East,
Belleville Ont.**

42-tf

DOXSEE & CO.

Sale

The balance of our stock of Winter Millinery for the next two weeks

Half Price!

Including 20 Hats at **$1.00 to Clear.**

Bie-Tex Hosiery in tan, grey, and Beige. Regular $2.00 and $2.50 —**$1.00 and $1.40.**

Silk Underwear, **20% off.**

Corsets—Regular $2.25 and $3.25 **To Clear, $1.00.**

Scarfs, silk knit, regular $1.75 to $3.00. **To clear, $1.00.**

We sell Kotex, **49c.**

The Leading Millinery House

Overcoat Bargains

See our boys' warm winter Overcoats at

$5.95, $7.95 and $9.95

Men's and Young Men's Blue Overcoats at

$14.50, $17.50, $20. and $22

Clearing out all our Colored Overcoats at Money Saving Prices.

50 Coats are offered at 1/3 less regular prices.

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of George Wilburn Gibbard.

All persons having claims against the estate of George Wilburn Gibbard, late of the Town of Napanee, Ontario, manufacturer, deceased, who died on or about the 12th day of January, 1929, are hereby notified to send in to the National Trust Company, Limited, on or before the first day of March, 1929, full particulars of their claims. Immediately after the said first day of March, 1929, the assets of the testator will be distributed amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which the executors shall then have notice.

National Trust Company, Limited
20 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.
and R. A. Daly,
Executors.
By Herrington, Warner & Grange,
Napanee, Ontario.
Their Solicitors Herein.

Dated at Napanee this 24th day of January, 1929. 10-d

Private Sale!

—OF—

Household Furniture

Bedding, Dishes, Kitchen Equipment.

All the contents of the residence of the late Mrs. John Lowry will be offered by Private Sale, at the family residence, commencing

Wednesday, January 23rd
and following days.

All must be sold to close up the estate.

Wallace's are special agents for Aladdin mantles, chimneys, wicks and other Aladdin supplies.

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

FRED RUSSELL

Phone 406. East Street.

FOR SALE—Tudhope Anderson Wagons, 2½ in. tire, 40, 44 wheels, $95.00. SPENCER & SON. 11-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—Gas Service Station, residence and lot on Roblin's Hill, on Kingston Highway. Apply to JOHN WILSON. 9-b

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

50 ACRE FARM FOR SALE—The Conger farm ,about two miles from Napanee on River Road. Choice location. For immediate sale. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 10-bp

FOR SALE—Valuable property, corner Dundas and West Sts., the residence of the late Mrs. John Lowry, together with the adjoining house on the south. Property will be sold separately or together. This property must be sold at once to wind up the estate. Apply to E. J. POLLARD, Executor.

FOR SALE—House and lot in the Village of Bath, north half lot one, west of First street, known as the residence of the late John Forester. For particulars apply to T. B. German, Napanee, Ont. ; R. J. Allison, Adolphustown, Ont. ; or Margaret Forester, Niagara Falls, Ontario. 8-tf

FOR SALE—Farm property of the late Elias Jackson, consisting of Lot 41, Concession 6, and part lot 42, Township of Camden, containing 150 acres, more or less, also, lots in the tenth and eleventh Concessions of the Township of Portland, which are said to be good wood lots. For particulars apply Cunningham & Smith, Solicitors, Kingston, or The Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association, Toronto, Ontario. 10

PUNISHMENT TO FIT CRIME.

Statute of 1481 Very Severe on Offenders.

A French milkman who was recently caught selling adulterated milk was surprised to hear from the presiding magistrate, the punishment meted such an offence in the original statute, enacted under Louis XI. (1481). It provided that anyone who sold watered milk should have a funnel put into his throat and his own milk should be poured down it until a doctor certified that he could not without danger to his life, swallow any more. Sellers of stale eggs were to be put into the pillory, and their eggs given to children, who would be encouraged to pelt the wrongdoers with their own unsavory wares.

Those who sold adulterated butter were to stand in the pillory with the butter on their heads until the sun had melted it all! If there was no sun, they were to be fastened up in front of the fireplace in the gaol to undergo the same indiginity. Spectators might abuse them as much as they pleased, "so long as they did not offend against the Almighty or the king."

CHLOROFORMING PLANTS.

Anaesthetics For the Transplanting of Trees and Plants.

Successful use of anaesthetics for the transplanting of trees and plants without shock is described by Mr. Herbert G. Longford in a leaflet published by the Women's Farm and Garden Association, England.

From the results of experiments showing by visible records that all living plants have nerves which react to electrical shock and heat and cold, and a pulse which varies as that of human beings waking or sleeping. Mr. Longford develops the theory that trees are attracted or repulsed by the presence of human beings in the same way that some persons experience revulsion or restfulness when passing among trees.

Quoting the case of the "sensitive plant," which shrinks at the slightest touch, Mr. Longford says:—

"Place it under the influence of chloroform, and it becomes absolutely insensitive and inert. Under the drug's influence it may be cut or maltreated without response, though it will quickly regain sensitiveness in the open air."

OLDEST TENNIS COURT.

One at Hampton Court Built by King Henry VIII.

Four hundred years ago His Majesty King Henry VIII. built Great Britain's oldest tennis court.

The "bluff" monarch had taken over the great palace at Hampton Court, which Cardinal Wolsey had built for himself out of his ample revenues, but it needed one or two little luxuries, and the tennis court was one. King Hal was himself a player here, and Elizabeth an onlooker if no more.

The most famous of onlookers probably was William Shakespeare, for here he and his company appeared before the Court in a round of festivities, which included plays of every kind.

Greatest of all the games played on this historic court was that one in May, 1885, when the renowned champion, George Lambert, lost his world position to Thomas Pettit, the American, by five sets to seven in a contest occupying three days.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Once more the season of Lent is with us, ushered in by Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday. While the world seems to go on just the same, there are in every community, men and women, who make use of this season, set apart so long ago by wise men, to draw aside awhile from more worldly things and remember that there is a spiritual life, and that it needs rest and refreshment just as the physical life does. The Roman Catholic and Anglican churches have long kept the spring fast, which concludes with Passion Week and Holy Week in which the tremendous events of the passion or suffering and death of the Son of God "for us men and for our salvation' are yearly set before us and ends at Easter with the triumph of the Resurrection. For the past few years it has been noticeable that other churches, especially in the cities, have had special Lenten services and in most United Churches the Holy Week services are well attended.

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We have been asked again this year to give the origin of the custom of eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Shrove Tuesday, or Mardi Gas, as it was called in France, being the last day on which meat or fat might be eaten, was also the last day of gaiety before Lent. In Rome a fat ox, decorated with garlands, was driven through the city to a place outside the walls, to signify that no more meat would be eaten for the next six weeks. In England the housewives made up all the lard, dripping, etc. into pancakes so that the house would hold no tempation to break the Lenten fast. These old customs are kept up in one form or another and to those who go back to the original idea, they seem strange, practiced as they are in some form in Canada. Our carnivals on Shrove Tuesday, the masquerade dances and pancake socials all had their origin hundreds of years ago. After all, the world is not so very different in its ideas.

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Many women are saying to themselves "How shall I make something to add to the family funds or my own" For the women who live in the rural districts, or have land on the outskirts of a town, there are several answers. Why not keep chickens? The market for fowl and eggs is good and then you have a supply of both for the home. Then there is the garden for flowers or vegetables or better still for both. One woman we know of has an old house near a city. When she and her husband took it the garden was run down. They have built it up, and in spite of a large family she does most of the work, for he has a very busy life apart from the home and garden. The vegetables are sold to customers and the flowers to the florists, and still the beautiful borders always look full. "How do you manage to have such splendid blooms and win so many prizes at the various exhibitions?" we asked. "I get good seed and bulbs. Nothing else pays," said this bright little woman. "I haven't time to waste on poor material." Then the women who live on the highway have a ready market with the tourists and the homes of the summer campers. Along the Rideau Lakes and on the shores of Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte are cottagers by the hundreds who will be glad to get fresh vegetables and flowers. Many people already are doing this and making money, but every year the demand increases and you can help to provide the supply. This is the time to make your plans.

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What charming frocks for the school girls the printed cotton materials we see in the shops will make. Most of them will launder well, but it is well to try a piece first. For early spring days the sweater and kilted skirt will look neat and smart. We are all going to wear very pretty clothes this coming summer.

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It should be the aim of all women's societies to bring the women of the country and the towns together. Until this is accomplished the work of progress will be retarded. Try to think as a whole as the women of Canada. The women in the towns should be invited to the meetings of the Women's Institutes and there they would see that they need the rural women to march beside them in their forward movement. Recently a city woman who has a cottage in the country said, "I went to an Institute meeting and I was ashamed that I knew so little of what is going on. They knew far more than I do out there in the country. I suppose they have time to read the papers." Then the rural women might be invited to the meetings of the societies in the towns. They would see plenty of efficiency there and hear of much work being accomplished that they hadn't thought was being done. There is a tendency in some quarters to think that women's societies mean a good deal of talk, a cup of tea, a bit of gossip and nothing more. Where would our men overseas have been without the Red Cross and the other societies, such as the I.O.D.E. and the W.I.? What would our hospitals do without their women's auxiliaries? What would the young wives and mothers do without the V.O.N.? Are not the children the better for the Home and School Clubs? And the lonely missionary? Is it not the women's missionary societies who send him money and bales of clothing and words of cheer in his life of self sacrifice? We have done much, but the knowledge that we have had such a measure of success should stimulate us to further effort and one of our first moves should be the welding together of the urban and rural women.

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The Flying Club returns show that fifty Canadian women are learning to fly. Will you take the air in this fashion?

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February is the month in which you make orange marmalade. Take 12 Seville or bitter ornges and three lemons or six sweet and six bitter oranges as you desire. Weigh ¾ of the weight of the oranges of sugar. Take off the rind in quarters and cook until soft in enough water to cover it. Then drain and scrape off the white part. Cut the rind in thin slices with a scissors. Divide the oranges and lemons into sections and be careful to take off the tough white part. Put into the kettle and add enough water to melt the sugar which you add gradually, about two pints. Boil for an hour and add the sliced rind. Cook for an hour longer or until the syrup will thicken when cold.

AGGRESSIVE MR. SINCLAIR.

In his opening speech in the Legislature this year Mr. W. E. N. Sinclair, the leader of the Liberal Party in the Legislature, has again demonstrated, as he did last year that he is possessed of qualities of leadership which were unsuspected by many of his closest friends, and that he is a debater who can match wits with anyone. Mr. Sinclair's speech was the type of speech which the people of Ontario have a right to expect from the leader of an opposition. The duty of an opposition leader is to expose the frailties and weaknesses of the government and to subject its measures to a critical analysis. This duty we think Mr. Sinclair fully accomplished on Wednesday, and while it takes much to ruffle the equanimity of Premier Ferguson, there must have been many times during Mr. Sinclair's speech when he wished that the Opposition Leader was not quite so voluble and a little less critical.

Hunt's delicious chocolates, fast becoming "Canada's Favorites," are sold in Napanee at WALLACE'S ,sole agents. A fresh supply each week.

THE LATE DAVID McCLEW.

The sudden death of Mr. David McClew on Tuesday last removed from this community a well-known personality. Mr. McClew was in his 70th year, having been born in Glasgow, Scotland, on September 9th, 1859. He was the son of David and Margaret McClew, his father being one of the largest ship owners in Glasgow at that time. After graduating from the University of Glasgow, he came out to Canada as a young man in the year 1886. He first located at Deseronto as manager of the Deseronto News Co., operated by the Rathbun Co. His literary talents are well known through his connection with many newspapers throughout the province. He was for some time editor and manager of "The Glengarrian," at Alexandria. While living in Deseronto he made a wide circle of friends and in 1889 married Margaret Henrietta Pile, a daughter of the late Thomas Gibbs Pile, the first Collector of Customs, at the port of Deseronto, and formerly of Barbadoes, B.W.I. He was Secretary of the Deseronto Horticultural Society and was largely responsible for the successful flower shows held during his residence there. In recent years he lived in Napanee and was a valued member of the staff of the Daly Tea Co. He was a careful student of current events and a gentleman with a wide range of knowledge gained by extensive reading. He always continued his association with the newspaper profession, and was for a number of years the Napanee Correspondent of the Kingston British Whig. He was also an intereseing contributor to the local papers, and was correspondent for the Toronto Mail and Empire and the Toronto Globe. In this capacity he rendered valuable vervice to the community in having matters of importance in Napanee and vicinity faithfully reported to the metropolitan press. He was a member of St. Mary Magdalene Church, and a citizen whose loss is felt very keenly by his many friends. Besides his widow, he is survived by a brother and two sisters in Scotland.

Buy Dr. Hess' Stock Food in the 100 lb. drum ($12.00) or in the 25 lb. pail, $3.50. It comes much cheaper this way. The value of Dr. Hess' is unquestioned by the dozens and dozens of farmers in this community who have tried it, and who enthusiastically recommend it to their neighbors. It also comes in 65c. and 1.50 packages, at WALLACE'S, Napanee agents.

A word about Trusses! Like any other article a truss made by an expert should be, and is, superior to one made by an amateur. We handle Elastic and Spring Trusses, made by a firm with over half a century in this business, and many years of experience enables us to guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. WALLACE'S Napanee Agents.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Council met in Town Hall, Selby, on Feb. 5th, 1929.

The members were all present, the Reeve presiding.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the Road Pay List of $91.54 (Tyendinaga boundary account $79.29, repairs on snow plow, $12.25, be paid. Carried.

Communications were received from the following:

Ontario Municipal Association, asking Council to join the Association.

Ontario Prohibition Union, requesting that certain resolutions re exportation of liquor to United States, be brought before Council.

Ontario Township Roads Association, asking this township to join them at their second annual convetion.

In each case no action.

Treasurer reported cheque of $16.92 received from Tyendinaga for their share of work performed on boundary in 1928.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the Clerk write the Globe Indemnity Co., requesting action on claim of Rupert Taylor at once. Carried

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that By-Law No. 774 providing for expenditure of $10,000.00 on roads in 1929, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by E. A. McQuig, that the Auditors' Report be received and that Auditors receive $15.00 each for their services. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the Clerk be authorized to receive tenders for operating crusher and grader for season 1929, power to be gas-tractor, tenderer to furnish all fuel and oil for tractor, and drive belt. All tenders to be sealed, marked "Tender for Power," and in Clerk's hand before March 2nd, 1929. Carried.

Moved by Jas. Haggerty, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that the following accounts be paid: Wm. Paul, truant officer, $5.00; Ira Anderson, truant officer, $5.00; Municipal World, dog tags, $11.73; H. A. Wood, registration of births, marriages and deaths, $16.75. Carried.

Council adjourned to meet on Tuesday, March 5th, 1929.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

THE FIRST "SMOKER."

Special Compartment on Trains Were Introduced Sixty Years Ago.

In the annals of tobacco, and, indeed, of English life, 1928 should be marked in red. It is the diamond jubilee of smoking for travellers, for precisely sixty years ago English railway passengers had the novelty of finding in every train special compartments in which for the first time a pipe or cigar could be legally enjoyed.

Until October, 1868, smoking in a railway train or station was a crime, expressly forbidden by laws and regulations, but the early Victorian stigma on tobacco was fading.

Indeed, it was a peer whose friendship with Lady Nicotine and hatred of hypocrisy initiated "smokers" on railways. Travellers used to enjoy their whiffs by timely gratuities to guard or porter long before Viscount Ranelagh was ordered to stop smoking in a Metropolitan first-class carriage. His lordship refused, for he was determined to force to an issue the right of Britons to smoke.

He was convicted at Clerkenwell Police Court and fined, but his action brought results when the House of Commons came to consider a Bill for the general regulation of railways six months later.

The Bill required, among other things, communication cords in railway carriages; it imposed a minimum penalty of £200 on companies carrying passengers to a prize-fight, and then Mr. H. B. Sheridan, M.P. for Dudley, moved as amendment:—

"And all railway companies shall from and after the passing of this Act, in every passenger train where there are more carriages than one in each class, provide smoking accommodation for each class of passenger."

Then followed John Stuart Mill, and almost his last speech in the House of Commons was against the oppression of smokers by a majority. He suggested that the "hindermos carriage" of a train should be relegated to tobacco.

GREAT PEANUT EATERS.

Sweeping Up the Shells in West Indies Supply Much Employment.

West Indians must be great peanut eaters, according to the following clipping from the Jamaica Times:

The practice of eating peanuts at public gatherings and depositing the shells all over the place, has supplied more employment for some people than many things in Kingston. Even the churches are not free from this "menace"; and on special occasions many floors can be seen liberally carpeted with shells.

The following story chiefly concerns the old Theatre Royal. When Mr. Sydney Levein, who was agent from 1870 to 1890, took charge, fully forty cartloads of peanut shells were removed from under the large stage! It appears that the people employed to sweep the theatre considerably simplified their work by pushing the sweepings under the stage.

A Little Paint Works Wonders.

Martin-Senour 100% pure paints and varnishes, have superior covering and lasting qualities. Don't be deceived with cheap paints. The BEST is always the CHEAPEST.

WILSONS HARDWARE.

Free Copies

During the next month THE EXPRESS will be mailing a large number of Sample Copies to residents of this district.

Look these copies over carefully, and note the many bargains offered by our advertisers, especially the CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES, whose cooperation enables us to distribute so large a number of Sample Copies.

We hope by this means to secure a large number of new subscribers.

Be one of the number and let us have your order for THE EXPRESS for a year.

The Price is $1.50

Or from March 1st until December 31st, 1929, for

$1.00

SELBY.

Council met on Tuesday last.

The song service was well attended in the United Church on Sunday evening last.

Mrs. A. McCutcheon spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Lockridge, Hinch.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Martin attended the funeral on Tuesday last of Mrs. Martin's mother, the late Mrs. Mather, of Thurlow.

Mr .and Mrs. D. Denison, of Newburgh, were visitors at A. McLeod's recently.

The wood saw is kept busy these days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Amey and Vivian were visitors in Kingston recently.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Weese recently entertained a number of their friends.

E. Tack was a recent visitor at W. Doidge's.

CENTREVILLE.

The recent snow storm of Wednesday night last greatly improved the sleighing for those who are hauling wood, etc.

A number of farmers on the Lake road took the contract for hauling seventy-five tons of coal from Enterprise station to the cheese factory here and have the work about completed.

The milk drawers are all hired and are nearly the same crowd as last year.

Perry Brothers left on Tuesday evening for Oxford, Mich., to resume their work there.

Farmers are now busy cutting and hauling their season's wood.

The grippe has nearly idsappeared from this place.

There has been very little ice harvested this season, though it is of fine quality.

Mr. Geo. McKeown has returned from a Kingston Hospital, where he underwent a successful operation for appendicitis, and is now doing well.

The patrons of the cheese factory unloaded a car of salt at Lens station on Saturday last.

Parties and socials have about come to an end.

ADOLPHUSTOWN W.M.S.

The W.M.S. held their February meeting on Wednesday, the 6th, at the home of Mrs. John Duffett, with an attendance of eleven. The President, Miss Hattie Magee, occupied the chair. The Devotional Exercises were in charge of Mrs. Ross Humphrey, and the meeting opened by singing hymn "Oh God our Help in Ages Past," after which Rev. Mr. Plant offered prayer, all joining in repeating "The Lord's Prayer." The Scripture lesson, Psalm 95, was read by Mrs. R. Humphrey and hymn, "Bessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine," was then sung. Rev. Mr. Plant kindly acted as organist. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved. In the absence of the treasurer, Miss A. Magee, the treasurer's report was read by Miss M. Magee Several of the members have already paid their fees for the coming year. The corresponding secretary, Mrs. R. Humphrey read a communication from Miss A. Thompson, asking that our Auxiliary be responsible for a quilt, as in other years. The members were asked to donate a block. It was decided to secure some Temperance pledge cards from the temperance secretary and to undertake the Mirror Campaign. The matter of the Annual Report Book was then discussed, and it was decided to purchase.

Rev. Mr. Plant ,at this juncture, favored us with a solo, "God will Take care of You," which was greatly appreciated. Mrs. A. C. Davis, delegate to the Presbyterial held in Trenton, gave a comprehensive report of the convention. She gave us a very interesting account of the address on India, given by Miss Jessie Weir. The work which was accomplished last year makes us feel optimistic for this coming year.

Miss L. Carr gave a most interesting chapter from the Study Book, "Drums in the Darkness," on the habits and lives of the native Africans, which show the great need of the Gospel in their lives.

The Roll Call was responded to by a verse pertaining to "Love." The offering was received and the meeting was adjourned to meet at Mrs. Geo. Ruttan's in March. The hostess served dainty refreshments.

HOGARTH'S now have a very complete range of new Wallpapers.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

The inaugural meeting of the Napanee Board of Education was held in the Council Chamber in the Town Hall on Thursday evening.

Present—Messrs. Alpine Woods Chairman; J. H .Craig, C. A. Walters, J. M. Simpson, Judge J. E. Madden, J. E .Miller, J. M. Thomson, Dr. Willoughby.

Since the elections in January, one member of the Board, Mr. G. W. Gibbard, passed away and Judge J. E. Madden was elected in his stead.

Mr. Alpine Woods was again unanimously elected as chairman and Mr. J. G. Fennell as secretary treasurer.

The special committee appointed to strike the standing committees reported as follows:

Management—J. W. Robinson, C. A. Walters, P. Gleeson, Judge Madden.

Property—J. L. Boyes, E. J. Pollard, J. E. Miller, J. H. Craig,

Supply—J. M. Thomson, Dr. Willoughby, J. M. Simpson.

Finance—J. L. Boyes, J. W. Thompson, J. M. Thomson.

In the election of Mr. Alpine Woods as chairman of the Napanee Board of Education an honor has come to one who has served the community faithfully and well for many years. For the past sixteen years Mr. Woods has been chairman of the Board and he enters upon his 17th year with the esteem and confidence of the citizens and his colleagues on the board. Probably no where in Ontario will there be found a chairman who has presided at a Board of Education for 17 consecutive years.

The report of the inspectors of the vocational school held in the Collegiate was presented and adopted.

The report of the V.O.N. nurse for 1928 was presented and adopted.

Messrs. J. E. Miller and C. A. Walters were appointed a special committee to report upon the Collegiate grounds.

Principal L. S. Beattie presented his report, which was adopted.

A motion was adopted prohibiting smoking in the Collegiate Institute at any public or private functions held in the building.

Mr. W. J. Trenouth, principal public schools, presented his report, which was adopted.

Board adjourned.

A few drops of Vapure on the handkerchief almost instantly relieves head colds—and besides it is a valuable aid in preventing "Flu". Sold in 50c. bottles at WALLACE'S.

DESERONTO ROAD.

Mr. Ross Rendell had the misfortune to lose a valuable cow, killed on the railroad track one day last week.

Miss May Dunwoodie, formerly bookkeeper for the E. C. Metcalfe C., we understand is dangrously ill at her home, in the house formerly ocupied by the late Sterling Metcalfe.

Mr. Robert Rennie has put a new roof on the shed adjoining his barn, on the upper place, near the boundary road.

Mr. Stanley Moon has moved, some time ago into the house formerly owned and occupied by the late James Hearns, east of the Boundary.

Mr. Fred Bowen lost a valuable registered purebred Holstein cow not long ago by a nail which became lodged in her stomach and could not be removed.

The hay press is again in our midst and has pressed several stacks for the Messrs. Joe and Edmund Dowling, and John Thompson on the Austin Kimmerly farm near the school house

COMING :-: EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Sunday School Room of Trinity United Church, under the direction of Victorian Order of Nurses. 5-tf

Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., will give an "At Home" in their lodge rooms on Wednesday, Feb. 20th, and Wednesday, March 20th. Members and their friends are cordially invited. Dancing and cards. Walters' orchestra.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL.

(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

PRAYER.

Sunday, Feb. 17.—Genesis 18: 23-33; Exodus 32: 31, 32; Nehemiah 1: 4-11; Daniel 6: 10; Matthew 6: 5-15; Luke 18: 1-14; John 17: 1-26; I. Thess. 5: 17; John 5: 14, 15.

Goden Text—If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you (John 15: 7.)

It would be difficult to bring together from the inspired Word nine passages on prayer so rich, searching and revealing as these that make up the lesson. Sunday school workers everythere should be grateful to the International Lesson Committee for this year's lessons; it is one of the finest courses in the more than half a century since the Uniform Lessons began.

As has often been said, the Bible never explains or defends prayer; it simply takes it for granted as a fundamental, axiomatic thing. Almost all men have prayed since the world began, and always will. But there is right prayer and wrong; useless prayer and prayer that gets results; prayer that dishonors God, and prayer that honours Him. This lesson shows us the prayer that prevails.

Prayer is reasonable, not unreasonable. In one of the eariest prayers recorded in the Bible, Abraham urged upon God a certain reason why God should answer his prayer, and God accepted his reason. It was a righteous reason. Evidently God welcomes our praying in this way, for when Abraham urged that Sodom ought to be spared if fifty righteous men were found there, or forty, or thirty, or even ten, God accepted this reasoning each time.

It is significant that God revealed His purposes in advance to Abraham, thus making it possible for Abraham to pray about the matter. And God has done that for us, in His Word. His purposes for still future events and judgments are disclosed to us, that we may pray intelligently. Those pray most who study God's Word most.

Moses and Paul prayed in a way unique in Scripture history. Each offered to be lost eternally if only their people, Israel, might thus be saved. Paul's unspoken prayer is found in Romans 9: 1-3. Each of these men of God thus typified Christ Himself, Who took the place of the sinner and was "made a curse for us" (Gal. 3: 13). Intercessory prayer can reach no greater height.

Nehemiah, though a man of holy and righteous life, identified himself with the sins of his people as he prayed for them. So does every true intercessor. Such prayer suffers with those who are prayed for. Nehemiah wept in his sorrow for his people, as many a great missionary and soul-winner has done when pouring out his heart in intercession for God's mercy to others. And Nehemiah reminded God of certain promises God had made, and pleaded these promises, as God always wants us to do when we pray.

Prevailing prayer prays through persecution, as Daniel did when he knew that if he kept on praying to God, it meant his death. When the decree for his death had been signed by the King, before an open window, as usual, so that all could see him, "he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed ,and gave thanks before his God, as he did foretime." Notice, too, that his prayer was not one of graoning and resignation, but of Thanksgiving. That is a secret of answered prayer.

The Lord's Prayer, which might better be called the Disciples' Prayer, given to them by the Lord—for it is one He could not use Himself—is to be studied in detail; it sets forth foundation principles of true prayer. It is significant that it begins and ends with the worship of God.

Our Lord taught "that men ought always to pray, not to faint"; and Paul, by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, laid on us the command, "Pray without ceasing." What has been called "praying through," is essential to effective, prevailing prayer. It must not break down, or give up in discouragement, for that betrays failure to trust God. We are to pray as long as life is in us.

There are many wonderful prayers in the Bible, but one that stands out wholly by itself, unique and unapproachable, is that of the Son of God on the night before His crucifixion. We are in the Holy of Holies here. It is a prayer that no created human being could ever pray. Yet it reveals eternal principles of prayer that we can and must use if we would truly pray. There are certain parts of this prayer that we can make our own, in contrast with those parts that only Christ could use; it is a rich and rewarding study to go through the seventeenth chapter of John with this in mind, ad distinguish the two lines throughout. For example, here is a prayer that only Christ could make: "O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thine own Self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." And here is a prayer that every child of God can pray for others: "Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy Word is truth."

A fitting summary of Scriptural prayer is given in the last lesson reference. If we ask anything according to God's will, we may ask in confidence and boldness knowing that He hears us; ad if we know that He hears us, we know that we have—as soon as we ask—that for which we have prayed. How vitally important, then, to know what God's will is. Only His Word, illuminated by the Holy Spirit, can we know this. But what an unspeakable privilege God offers us in prevailing prayer!

NEW BRIDGE OVER THAMES.

Will Cost $2,750,000 and Replace Structure Closed for 17 Years.

Work is to be begun on the new bridge over the Thames at Lambeth which will involve an expenditure of about £550,000.

The bridge will take the place of the old suspension bridge which has been closed to vehicular traffic for seventeen years.

An official of Messrs. Dorman Long & Co. of Middlesborough to whom the London County Council has given the contract, says:

The new bridge will have five spans. The centre one will be 165 feet long, each intermediate one 149 feet long, and each approach span 125 feet long. The total width of the bridge will be 60 feet.

The steel to be used in the construction of the bridge will weigh about 3,500 tons.

The work will give employment to hundreds of men for a least three years.

A temporary bridge is to be built for pedestrians.

PIPE STEMS FROM COAL.

By-products From Coal by Special Distilling Process.

Materials for the manufacture of pipe stems, umbrella handles, cut balls and many other articles will be prepared from coal products derived by a special distilling process, according to a recent announcement.

Synthetic furniture is predicted as a result of the development in this field, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The method is new to the United States and differs from other processes chiefly in the quantity of by-products that are obtained. It produces about two and one-half times as much tars from which synthetic resins are made.

From these latter substances, chemists have made a wide variety of articles, including brilliantly colored pens and pencils, bathroom tiling, tops and stoppers for bottles, radio parts and automobile accessories.

Gasoline made by the new method of coal distillation is said to produce less "knock" than that obtained by other processes.

STEPPING OUT INTO SPACE

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer College, Chicago, Ill.

"You go drifting down and the earth jumps up to meet you and you just look around for a place to put your feet to stand on."

Dropping 1,000 feet is as simple as that to some parachute jumpers. But the reader cannot easily comprehend what it means to plunge downward a fifth of a mile. Flyers estimate it requires about seven seconds to fall that far. Let's see what James Clark, the Navy's star parachute jumper, says.

"The jerk you get when your body is suddenly dragged off the wing of a plane going at a speed of a hundred miles an hour is a bit severe, but it doesn't hurt you. The first departure from a plane is the hardest. When you step off backwards into space it seems incredible to believe that you will land safely, but land safely you do, and the second jump isn't nearly as difficult to make.

"Usually when just falling I tumble over and over. This tumbling, however, can be avoided by dropping off in a crouching position with your arms clasped around your knees. But the tumbling is not unpleasant, nor is the jerk of the 'chute that breaks your fall hard to take. Of course, the further you fall, the more severe is the jerk; but even at that it is like falling into a great feather bed.

"The final moment before the jump is the hardest. I always hesitate and ask myself, 'Will I or won't I?' Then my stomach puckers and my breath catches. But the instant I am clear of the ship and my 'chute blossoms I feel easy. I coud reach down and pull off my shoes or do any such simple motion while falling.

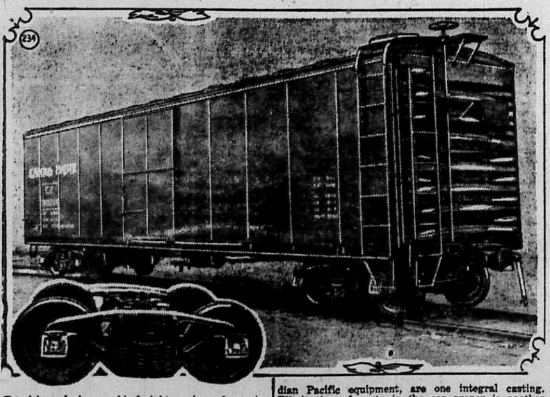
Many of you readers know the sensations of parachute jumping. Well, just as soon as Arthur Goebel is over the flu I'm going to get him to take me up, and let me walk back home. It is something everybody should do—once.

CALF CLUBS DEVELOP STOCKMEN

Calf feeding competitions are doing a valuable work in training boys in the care of cattle. From a start of ten clubs organized in the Province of Quebec seven years ago, there are now in operation upwards of seventy-five clubs in which the young people are gaining valuable experience in the proper feeding, handling and exhibiting of calves. The work is carried on jointly by the federal and provincial Departments of Agriculture, each providing fifty per cent of the prize money awarded and sharing the supervision of the clubs during the year. The youths start with young calves of good type and breeding, and feed and care for them continuously under supervision until the following year when they are brought together as yearlings for competition. Some of the Clubs have as high as eighty members. The bringing together of the stock of so many enthusiastic young people, arouses great interest and it is stated by the Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, in his report for the past fiscal year, that an attendance of a thousand or more at a Calf Fair is not unusual. The influence of this work in the district is far reaching and Clubs rapidly develop into community breeding centres for high class cattle. The Minister also points out the additional value of this work in the training it affords the boys in all phases of live stock feeding and management and in the keeping of record of feed costs and production.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Steel Cars Now for Freight Service



Steel is replacing wood in freight service and seventy-five hundred of the new freight cars now on order for the Canadian Pacific will set a new standard in grain and general freight service. These cars are not in replacement but in addition to the wood cars already in use, and will furnish a greater margin of safety, more speed and longer service while eliminating leakage.

They will have a capacity of 2,000 bushels of wheat and will considerably speed up the movement of grain. Rivetting of all joints and connections will reduce to a minimum possibility of loss of grain and the car itself will be more solid and will possess greater rigidity. The roof of the car will be steel as will also the whole structure, but the sides will be wood lined inside.

Additional safety will be provided by a new type of truck having a cast steel frame. These truck side frames which represent a new standard of Canadian Pacific equipment, are one integral casting. Elimination of parts in the car proper is another noteworthy feature.

Dimensions of the car are 40 feet 9 inches in length, 8 feet 7 inches high, and 8 feet, 7½ inches wide. They will have 5 foot side doors and a capacity of 120,000 pounds.

The new cars represent an important advance in railway freight transportation on this continent and they have been developed more directly to keep pace with the development of the west. In recent years crop acreage has increased. Car loadings have increased in like measure. Improved harvesting machinery has speeded up delivery to the rails and necessitated still more efficient handling on the part of the railway companies.

Delivery of the new cars will be made in ample time for the harvest of 1929 and the Canadian Pacific may be expected to again break the record of crop handling.

Here and There

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Large cargoes of wheat are being shipped to Japan and the Orient through Vancouver these days. It seems like sending coals to Newcastle to send flour to "The Flowery Kingdom."

Some foundation for the old nickname "woolly" west is found in the report that Alberta's wool output for 1928 amounted to 3,033,181 pounds. Altogether the Dominion produced over eighteen and a half million pounds.

Steel is replacing wood in freight service on the Canadian Pacific Railway as 7,500 box cars now on order for the company will be of steel construction. They will have a capacity of about 2,000 bushels of grain and a load of 120,000 pounds.

Fur-farming is developing many branches, one of the most recent being the organization in Manitoba of the Manitoba Muskrat Breeders Association. The body plans to study muskrat breeding conditions and to investigate all phases of the industry.

In a recent speech at Kitchener, Ontario, E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific pointed out that the average freight rate per ton per mile in Canada is about 5½ per cent lower than in the U.S., and that the average of Canadian grain rates is 40 per cent lower.

The Trans-Canada will cross the continent in an hour and a half less time eastbound, and an hour less westbound than it did last year. This does not mean that Canada has got any smaller, but that the Canadian Pacific Railway is running the famous flyer on an improved schedule.

Penny postage, inaugurated at Christmas, is working well and bringing about a notable increase in letter mails from Canada to the British Isles, according to federal postal officials. It is estimated that the increase in the course of a year would be such as to offset the $200,000 estimated reduction in revenue by the penny rate.

In Manitoba, there is one tractor for every 4.6 farms; in Saskatchewan, one for every 4.7 farms; and in Alberta, one for every 7.5 farms. If all the tractors were hitched together, how long could it take a garage mechanic to reach the moon.

For the sixth successive year Dean Sinclair Laird of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, will conduct an all expense tour across Canada and back, starting from Toronto on July 22, and lasting for 21 days. The party travels in a special train with a baggage car filled up as a sixty-foot dressing-room.

Equipped with a bow-rudder, a new device that will aid in navigating the harbours of Victoria and Vancouver and the waters of the British Columbia coast, the Princess Norah has arrived on the Pacific seaboard to join the fleet of the B. C. Coastal services of the Canadian Pacific Railway. She is the eighteenth ship to be built for this work and has just been constructed at the shipbuilding yards on the Clyde in Scotland.

INDIA'S OUTLAWS

Enforcement of Law and Order In India Is No Mean Task, Says Booklet.

The enforcement of law and order among the malcontents, criminals and nomads of India is no easy task, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly.

The villages and hamlets are widely scattered, thousands of them being many miles from a police station.

Some of the police stations, staffed by about a dozen men, have to look after areas as large as some English counties. Jungle, mountain ranges and so on provide wonderful hiding-places, so that the criminal has more than a sporting chance every time.

Dacity—organized robbery—is undoubtedly one of the most sinister forms of crime. Dacoits work in gangs of five or more, and recent police operations against them have revealed some surprising facts.

These gangs are always well armed, and stop at nothing. Murder is but part of their job to them, and one gang alone may terrorize a district for months.

The gangs very frequently work together, and it is on record that experts have often been loaned from one group to another in order to advise the latter upon some contemplated raid. In fact, a small local gang will seldom dream of attempting anything big without calling in specialized help from outside.

Many prosperous Indians, particularly in the outlying districts, will have nothing to do with banks, and refuse to trust them with their money. The usual plan is either to bury the hoard of savings or else spend the money upon jewellery for their womenfolk. This is just what the dacoit wants. Wherever the money or jewellery may be hidden, he generally gets it, since he has at his finger-tips a stock of pleasant little tricks by which the information may be extracted from his unfortunate victim.

All these facts are contained in a recently published booklet dealing with affairs in India during the year 1926-27. It points out that the problem with which the Indian police are faced is daily becoming more complicated. Education has its good effects, but it also makes the crook more clever at crime, and he has not been slow to take advantage of the railway, the telegraph, the automobile and other inventions.

Some of the stories told in the book are packed with excitement. One of them tells how a district superintendent of police set out with a party of his men to round up two notorious outlaws.

"From information received," they had a fair idea of where the men would be found, and to reach the spot meant several days of laborious trekking through the jungle.

At last they reached the hiding-place, which turned out to be a hut in a small clearing. With the courage of his kind, the superintendent approached the hut and called upon the outlaws to surrender.

The reply was a shot, which entered his knee and rendered him more or less helpless.

Immediately there began a stubborn battle between besieged and besiegers. At length the firing from the hut ceased, and after consultation the police decided to rush it, and risk whether this lull in the firing was a ruse or not. They broke in and found one outlaw dead. The other was missing, and it soon became evident that the dead man had stayed on waiting for certain death, so that his comrade might escape under cover of his gunfire.

Seach parties were organized immediately, and the escaped man was soon arrested. In his possession was loot from a recent dacoity, and a large sum of money which he and his dead confederate had received in a case of ransom.

Would You Build A House Without A Roof?

You won't start to build a house unless you know you can finish it. The Bell Telephone Company tries to be equally sensible.

The company does not need all its $75,000,000 of new capital now but will spread its issue over years to come.

But it does need the assurance that, when equipment is started now for future telephones, money can be obtained to finish the job.

By 1934 Ontario and Quebec will need a million telephones. These telephones cannot be ready unless central exchanges and other equipment are started now.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

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FILM PRODUCER'S DIFFICULTIES

Silk Stockings Rubbing Together Cause Rattle In Film.

A film producer's difficulties are numerous, and talking pictures have added to them.

Silk is the talking picture's deadly enemy, and although silk stockings rubbing together make no audible noise to those in the sound-proof room where the picture is being made, when the film is run off for a trial a distressing rattling noise is heard. Bare legs are now the order of the day.

Actresses have to wear cotton-muslin batiste lingerie, for silk undergarments produce the same "rattle" as hosiery. No taffeta frocks can be used; silk linings must be taken out of coats, while the jingling of beads or metal trimmings is another problem.

Repeated tests of a talking picture featuring Alice White revealed a distressing rattle, although she was wearing nothing made of silk. The producers were nearly distracted trying to locate the cause. At last it was discovered that the electricity in her hair, which had been freshly washed and waved, caused the noise. The hairdresser was called, the head properly oiled, and the rattle disappeared.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SEEDS.

Plants Are Blooming Much Earlier Under Vita-Glass.

What effect has vita-glass, which admits the ultra-violet rays of the sun, on plants and seeds?

A new greenhouse, divided in the centre, with one half glazed with vita-glass, and the other with ordinary glass, has been set up by the London University at Westfield College, Hampstead, says an article in Tit-Bits. It is a part of experiments going on at Hampstead, Southampton, and Kew.

Various kinds of South African plants are being raised from seeds, and already it is said that bedding plants are blooming much earlier under vita-glass.

At Southampton, Messrs. Toogood and Sons, Ltd., are carrying out several experiments under the glass on small seedlings, both flower and vegetable, to study its effect on damping off. They are following actual rapidity of growth with a perennial rye grass test.

The authorities at Kew have begun a third test, this time with four types of glass—ordinary glass of the clear and opaque varieties, and ultra-glass of similar sorts. The curator has stated that last summer the sun's rays permeated the vita-glass, leaving it cool to the touch, although the temperature below was considerably higher than that beneath ordinary glass.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.

44t

"WHIST."

Merely a Corruption of Scandinavian Word "Whisk."

How many people who play whist know how it derived its name? The usual explanation is that whist is so called because it imposes silence on those who play it. "Whist!" (or "Hist!") is, of course, a very old exclamation, meaning "Silence."

It has now been discovered, however, that "whist" was originally called "Whisk." True, the game can be played better if the rule of silence obtains, but its present name has nothing to do with that fact. "Whist" is merely a corruption of "Whisk."

"Whisk" is a Scandinavian word, which originally mean, the tippet on a woman's dress. The tippet was of fan shape, with overlapping panels of painted ivory, silk, and so on. When people began to play cards they held them in fan fashion, and they then looked exactly like the tippet.

OLDEST FERMENTED DRINK.

"Chicha" Was Used by the Incas, and Perhaps Before That Period.

In Bolivia and Peru, South America, the national beverage is called chicha. It is one of the oldest fermented drinks in the world, older, probably, than the mead of our Saxon and Viking ancestors. It was used in the time of the Incas, and perhaps before that period. It is the favorite of all the inhabitants of these countries, from the educated classes to the wild nomad tribes of the interior. Chicha tastes something like cider, is most palatable and extremely potent.

The preparation of chicha is an interesting spectacle. A row of old women sit before a large tub and rapidly masticate a mouthful of maize into a pulp, after which they put it into the tub. Water is added, and the mixture left in the sun to ferment.

Watching Little Things.

While the primary work of the League of Nations is to promote international peace, many and various matters arise from time to time for their consideration. For instance a new road sign which the Westminster City Council is going to introduce has been recommended by the League. It is the sign "P," and wherever it appears the motorist in Westminster will know that he is at liberty to park his car. The sign has been agreed upon as an international one, provided it is considered successful when tried out at Westminster; so the British motorist in Berlin, Stockholm, or Copenhagen will know, without having to make tedious inquiries, whereabouts he may leave his car without incurring the displeasure of a policeman.

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The Bridal Eve

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

A NOVEL

Author of "Self-Raised," "The Deserted Wife," "The Bride's Fate," "Retribution," "Ishmael," "The Wife's Victory," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was the first year of the nineteenth century—ere yet steamships, railways, gaslight, insurance companies, telegraphic wires, and detective policemen had expelled nearly all possibility of vicissitude, peril and adventure from civilized society.

It was while clumsy sailing vessels were the only means of ocean travel, and heavy stagecoaches lumbered slowly along every public road in the country; it was while footpads still lurked in the shadows of the city streets, to start forth upon the belated pedestrian, and highwaymen, under the veil of night, sprang out to commit their lawless depredations upon the unguarded traveler; while the spirit of romance hovered around old buildings, and superstition lingered in secluded neighborhoods, that the strange events of our story transpired.

It was early in the morning of a lovely day in June that a rather large group of idlers gathered in front of the Etheridge Arms, a quaint old tavern in the ancient little town of Swinburne, situated in one of the most picturesque and beautiful counties in the West of England.

They were standing within the arched gateway, or leaning against the solid masonry of the side walls, that looked strong enough and old enough to have been those of some ancient keep, and which, in fact, had done good service as defenses in the olden time, when might made right, and every man's house was indeed his castle.

By their looks and conversation it was evident that some event of unusual importance was expected to come off.

"The coach will be late; what wull be keeping her?" inquired Broding, the village smith, as he returned, disappointed, from one of these surveys. "What do'ee think; wull the bridegroom be doon for sure?" he asked, turning to an ostler, who had left the stable yard for the same purpose.

"Wull the young squoir be doon? Of course he wull! Dunnot he send down his groom to speak rooms in the house, with orders to have fires kindled? Why, mun, the young squoir wull never be late at such a time," replied the ostler.

"A good job if un never coom at all. The loikes of yon cooming to marry our lady, and lord it over our castle. When wur it ever known that a Lord Etheridge, of Swinburne, married wi' a communer? But we've ay heard tell that a house is done fur when it falls to the distaff," said an old laborer, from Swinburne Chase.

"I'll tell'ee all what and about it. Old Hastings, the feyther o' this young man, was his late ludship's friend, and were left guardeen by his late ludship's will to this young lady. Well, old Hastings was a knowing 'un, and made the match. There's where it is; and so they're to be married to-morrow."

"Hoigh! Harken! Coome along wi' I; here's the coach," suddenly interrupted the smith, starting from the archway into the street, just as the horn was heard signaling the approach of the Bristol coach, that presently rumbled down the street, and drew up with great noise before the tavern gate.

First came from the interior of the coach an elderly gentleman, whose tall, spare and stooping figure was clothed in a suit of clerical black, and whose pale, thin, long face was surrounded by hair and whiskers prematurely gray. He was closely attended by a young man, whose Roman features, olive complexion, jet-black hair, and deep, dark eyes, bespoke him of the Celtic race, while his plain dress and subordinate position could not disguise the grace and dignity of his air and manner. In this last he was such a contrast to his employer that he might have been taken for a prince of the blood, attended by an old gentleman in waiting.

"I say, Broding, yon's old Hastings and his secretary. I've seen un before doon here," said the old laborer, addressing the smith, as these two travelers issued from the coach, and passed before the bowing and smirking host into the house.

Next came forth a young gentleman, whose handsome person and haughty manner at once attracted general attention. His form was tall and finely proportioned, crowned by a haughty head and face, with high, aquiline features, fair and fresh complexion, light blue eyes, and very light flaxen hair. His expression of countenance, in keeping with his whole manner, was stern almost to repellent severity. Great beauty of person, with great dignity of manner, forms a combination very attractive to most young women, and perhaps it was this that fascinated the young heiress of Swinburne Castle, for this was Albert Hastings, the bridegroom-elect. He was followed into the house by his valet bearing his dressing-case.

Colonel Hastings was immediately shown into his private parlor, where he was soon joined by his son.

The landlord stood bowing at the door, and waiting for orders.

"Breakfast, immediately, and the post chaise at the door in half an hour," was the brief order of Colonel Hastings.

"Yes, your honor. What would your honor like for breakfast?"

"anything that is at hand, only be quick."

The landlord bowed and disappeared, and was soon succeeded by the head waiter, who came in and laid the cloth and spread upon the board a substantial breakfast, to which the hungry travelers did ample justice.

They had scarcely finished the meal before the post chaise was announced.

The elder Hastings arose, saying:

"Albert, my boy, I am sorry that etiquette does not admit of your waiting upon your belle maitresse to-day, or seeing her until you meet her at the church. But au revoir until to-morrow at twelve."

And with this abrupt leave-taking, the elder Hastings, attended by his secretary, Cassinove, left the house, and entered the post chaise to drive to Swinburne Castle.

A drive of more than a mile brought them to Swinburne park church, an ancient, ivy-covered, Gothic edifice, coeval with the castle itself, and, like the castle, celebrated in history, in story, and in song. There rested the remains, and there lay the effigies of the old Barons of Swinburne, from the time of the Conquest down to the death of the last Lord Etheridge, who had died five years before, leaving his only daughter, Laura, sole heiress of all his vast possessions.

They drove rapidly on, for yet another mile, along the boundary of the chase, and suddenly came upon a thicket of trees, from the midst of which frowned the ruins of the ancient keep, its solid masonry now covered thickly with ivy. Young Cassinove, who felt a deep interest in all these scenes, would have paused to contemplate this venerable ruin, but again the impatience of his employer urged the postillion to greater speed, and they drove hurriedly past. A few yards farther on they reached the south gate of the park, guarded by the ancient porter's lodge.

They passed under the lofty archway, and entered upon the beautiful grounds that lay more immediately around the castle.

Swinburne Castle was of later date than the ancient keep, the ruins of which they had just passed, and from which it took its name. The building was a double quadrangle, in the form of the letter H, and having towers at the four extremities.

Behind the castle arose the thick, impenetrable woods bordering the open chase; before it lay a smiling landscape, diversified by parterres of flowers, groves of beautiful trees, and a small, clear lake, shaded by overhanging willows, and adorned by a flock of graceful white swans.

An exclamation of delight broke from the lips of Cassinove as his eyes fell upon this scene of exceeding beauty, now lighted up as it was by the glorious sun of June.

They drew up before the central transept that connected the two long wings of the castle.

Two grooms, in waiting without, immediately came forward to attend Colonel Hastings, who alighted, followed by his secretary. One of the grooms dismissed the post chaise, while the other knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by a footman in the gray and white livery of Lady Etheridge, of Swinburne.

"Show me into the library, Williams, and let her ladyship know that I await her convenience. Cassinove, my good fellow, you can stay here, I suppose, until you are wanted," said Colonel Hastings, opening a door on his right to admit the young secretary into a sitting-room, and then going on, attended by the footman, to the library.

The apartment into which young Cassinove had been shown was a pleasant, cheerful morning room, simply but elegantly furnished. The great front window, reaching from ceiling to floor, and from side to side, commanded an extensive view of the lawn, with its groves of trees, its shaded lake, and its parterres of flowers. A rosery outside the window adorned the frame, without obstructing the view of this grand picture. At the opposite end of this room was a spacious mirror, that filled up all that part of the wall, and reflected the whole of the landscape commanded by the window.

While Cassinove stood before the mirror, enjoying the reflected landscape, suddenly among the roses glided a purple-draped female figure, that immediately riveted his attention. It was a woman in the earliest bloom of youth. Her form was above the medium height, and well rounded. Her head was finely formed, and covered with a profusion of jet-black, glittering hair, that was plainly parted over her broad, expansive forehead, and swept around the temples, and wound into a rich and massive knot at the back of the head. Her eyes were large, luminous, dark-gray orbs, that seemed, whenever the long veil of lashes was lifted, to throw a light wherever they glanced.

The impression made upon the enthusiastic heart of Ferdinand Cassinove was at once vivid, deep, and strong—quick as sun-painting, permanent as sculpture. He saw this goddess of intellectual brow and stately step open the window and advance into the room, and as she approached him he felt his whole frame thrill with a strange emotion of blended pain and delight. He dreaded to move, yet, as the needle turns to the magnet, he felt himself turning from the reflected image to face the original. He stood before that queenly form, and met those large, luminous, dark eyes fixed upon him in royal graciousness, as she said:

"You are Colonel Hastings's secretary, I believe, sir. Pray sit down. You will find the London papers on that table." And, with a graceful bow, the lady passed him, and seated herself on a sofa at the extremity of the room, took up a portfolio, and was soon deeply engaged with its contents.

After the profound bow with which he had returned her curtsey, Ferdinand Cassinove remained motionless where she had left him. But ten minutes had elapsed since she had glided in among the flowers, and passed him like a vision seen in some beautiful dream. But ten minutes, and life, the world, himself, were all changed for Ferdinand Cassinove. He felt, from that moment, that his fate must take its character for good or evil from the will of that royal-looking woman.

Who was she? What was she?

He had heard that Lady Etheridge had a young friend, Miss Dornton, staying with her, to act as her first attendant at the approaching marriage. This, then, was Miss Dornton. And who was Ferdinand Cassinove, that he dared to occupy his thoughts with Miss Dornton? A young man of obscure origin, left to the benevolent guardianship of Colonel Hastings, who had defrayed the expenses of his education at school and college, and afterward taken him into his family as his private secretary. Yet all of Italy's genius, passion, and poetry smoldered in the heart of the young secretary, and these were kindled into a sudden blaze by the electric spark of love.

Miss Dornton! a lady of rank, and, perhaps, of fortune! Oh, if she were not already wooed and won! Give him time and, under the inspiration of his love for her, he would win wealth, distinction, a glorious name, and lay them at her feet. If this passion was sudden as it was ardent, remember that Ferdinand Cassinove was of the Celtic race. Yes; he would win the world, and lay it at her feet!

In the midst of the pleasing pain of this love-dream the door opened, and the gray-haired servant whom Ferdinand had seen in the hall entered softly, and stepping across the room to where the lady sat, and speaking in the low, subdued tone in which royal personages are addressed, said:

"My lady, Colonel Hastings' respects, and he awaits your ladyship in the library."

"Very well, William; go and say to Colonel Hastings that I will attend him immediately," answered the lady, rising.

This queenly woman, then, was Laura, Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne! Forever and forever unattainable by him! Oh, despair! His castle in the air tumbled all about him, and buried all his hopes and aspirations in its fall. While still stunned by the discovery he had made, the old servant approached him and said:

"You, also, sir, are wanted," and left the room to precede his lady into the library.

Lady Etheridge passed on with her stately step and gracious smile, and young Cassinove followed like a man in a state of painful somnambulency.

They crossed the great hall to the library, which was situated on the same floor. It was a great, antique apartment, richly furnished, and stored with the literature of all lands and ages, and adorned with the portraits of such of the old barons of Swinburne as had been distinguished in the councils or the battles of their nation. At a writing-table near the centre sat Colonel Hastings, who arose with the stately courtesy of the olden time, and set a chair for his ward.

Lady Etheridge, after greeting her guardian cordially, took the indicated seat.

The old servant retired.

Ferdinand Cassinove withdrew to a distant Gothic window of stained glass, and stood apparently studying its scriptural subjects, but really, with senses preternaturally sharpened by the excitement of his heart and brain, compelled to hear and see all that passed at that central table.

There they sat, the guardian and his ward, in close discussion. The guardian, with his tall, spare figure, and thin, pale face, in marked contrast with his solemn suit of black, sat examining a document that lay before him. Lady Etheridge, in the purple satin robe that so well became her superb figure, sat opposite, with her arm carelessly resting upon the table, and her fine face raised, with an expression of joy irradiating her countenance.

"But my dear Laura," said Colonel Hastings, with a look compounded of pleasure and perplexity, "this noble liberality, I must say, places us in a very delicate position. I am your guardian; your intended husband is my son. The calumnious world already charges me with having made the match between my son and my wealthy ward. And now, Lady Etheridge, should you persist in your generous confidence, and execute the deed of gift of this whole magnificent estate to your intended husband, and he should accept it, what, then, would the world say?"

"Just what it likes, my dear guardian. I am of age and have the right to do what I please with my own. I please to bestow it all, not only in effect, but in reality, upon my husband," she replied, with a beaming smile.

"But, Lady Etheridge, I do not know that you, the last baroness of the ancient house of Swinburne, have the right to transfer the Castle of Swinburne, with its vast dependence, to an al—"

"alien! Do you call my husband an alien?"

"He is not of your blood."

"He is more. He is of my heart, and soul, and spirit, as I am of his. Oh, Colonel Hastings! there can be no question of mine and thine between me and Albert. The deed of gift that transfers all my possessions to my future husband is made out; let it be executed. He shall then never be jealous of his wife's riches, for she will come to him as poor as a cottage girl," exclaimed Lady Etheridge, with a pure devotion of love flushing her cheek and lighting her eyes.

"Lady Etheridge, are you resolved upon this transfer?"

"Immutably."

"Then you must have your will. Cassinove, come hither, if you please. Your signature is wanted, as witness to a deed."

Young Cassinove started. He had heard all that had passed; thinking—feeling—Oh, Heavens! how this woman can love—this woman, whom I could worship, nay, whom I do and shall worship as the guiding star of my life, as long as I shall live. Oh, that the man who is blessed with her love may be worthy of her! And, oh, that I had the old Pagan privilege of opening the gates of life, and escaping its tortures! He obeyed Colonel Hastings' summons, and went up to the table, where he was presented to Lady Etheridge, as

"My secretary, Mr. Cassinove, your ladyship."

"I have seen Mr. Cassinove before," said the lady, kindly holding out her hand.

He barely touched the white hand as he bent before her. His own turned cold as ice.

"Now, then, Lady Etheridge," exclaimed Colonel Hastings, spreading out the document before her.

And the business of signing and witnessing the deed was completed.

Colonel Hastings and his secretary then took leave, and left the castle to return to the Etheridge Arms, whither we must precede them by a few hours.

CHAPTER II.

Colonel Hastings had scarcely left the room ere Mr. Albert Hastings arose, stretched himself with a weary yawn, and began to pace thoughtfully up and down the floor, murmuring:

"Men think me a very fortunate and happy man; and, doubtless, an unusual number of good gifts have been showered upon me by the favor of the blind goddess—not the least among them would be esteemed the hand of this wealthy young baroness, my bride expectant. Well, we cannot have everything we want in this world, else sweet Rose Elmer only should be the wife of Albert Hastings. Poor girl! she little dreams that the man who has wooed her, under the name of William Lovel, is really Albert Hastings, the envied bridegroom of the high-born Lady Etheridge of Swinburne. It cannot be helped. I cannot pause for lady's right, or maiden's honor. Here, then, for a divided life; my hand to the lady of Swinburne—my heart to the lovely cottage girl; only Lady Etheridge must never know of Rose Elmer and William Lovel, nor must Rose Elmer know Lady Etheridge and Albert Hastings. And now to persuade Rose to go before me into Wales, where myself and my lady-bride are to spend our honeymoon."

And so saying, Albert Hastings took his hat and strolled out into the street. Walking in an opposite direction to that taken by Colonel Hastings in his drive to Swinburne Castle, Albert Hastings soon reached a cross-country road, which he pursued for about two miles. Then, turning to the left, he entered a narrow, shady lane, that led him to a small, secluded cottage, nearly hidden from sight amid climbing vines, clustering shrubs and overhanging trees. Taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked the little green wooden gate, and passing between tall, flowering shrubs, he stepped under the vine-shaded porch, and applying a small key, opened the cottage door and entered at once upon the only large room the cottage could boast.

This lonely cottage had been rented and furnished by Albert Hastings as a trysting place for his love. The whole air of the room was couleur de rose. He called it "The Bower of Roses." It was, indeed, the bower of one peerless rose. Here he had been accustomed, during his visits to the neighborhood of his affianced bride, to meet the Rose of his secret thoughts. But here, also, let it be clearly understood, he had respected the honor of the humble maiden—not upon any good principle, perhaps; but loving her with all the power of his selfish heart, and resolved upon making her his own forever, he abstained from any freedom that might alarm her delicacy, and, perhaps, estrange her heart.

Albert Hastings, the only son of Colonel Hastings, of Hastings Hall, Devon, and of Portman Square, London, had been endowed by nature with many other good gifts besides his pre-eminently handsome and princely person. He had a good head, and originally a good heart; but he had been spoiled from his youth up, in being led to believe that the whole world, and all within it, had been created for his own private use—or abuse, if he pleased.

And if this selfish creed were not now fully credited, it was, at least, thoroughly carried out in his practice—a thing that cannot often be said of better creeds, or even better men.

Albert Hastings had always been designed by his father to be the husband of the wealthy young baroness, his ward. The crafty old man had taken care not to bring the young people together in any manner during their childhood, lest they should grow up as brother and sister, without thought of a dearer relationship. He had contented himself with secluding the young baroness from other youthful company. He had fixed her permanent residence in the deep retirement of Swinburne Castle, where she remained, year after year, under the care of a distant female relative, Mrs. Montgomery, the widow of a clergyman.

There she was attended by various deeply-learned masters and highly-accomplished mistresses, all very discreet and elderly, who had been sent down by Colonel Hastings to carry on her eduaction. At the age of eighteen she first met Albert Hastings. It had been planned that she should spend a year in making the tour of the Continent, in company with her guardian and his son, whose travels were delayed for this purpose. It was but a few days before the intended departure, while the heart of the young heiress was elated with the prospect of seeing foreign countries, that Albert Hastings was introduced to her. His handsome person, dignified presence, and fascinating manners, made some impression upon the imagination of the secluded young baroness. During their subsequent travels over the Continent, his well-cultivated mind, various accomplishments, and brilliant conversational powers so deepened this impression that the youthful Lady Etheridge thought she had met the man of men, the only one in the world to whom it was possible to give her own heart, and when the expected avowal of love and offer of marriage came, Laura Etheridge trembled at the thought of a happiness too rich for her merits—almost too perfect for this world. Albert Hastings was deeply enamored of the Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne and her vast possessions; but apart from those, how much did he really care for the young girl, Laura?

They returned home to prepare for the marriage, which was to take place at Swinburne Castle.

The Hastings fixed their residence at their town house, but frequently came down to Swinburne, the guardian to see his ward, the young gentleman to visit his bride-elect.

It was during one of these visits to the neighborhood, while he was staying at the Etheridge Arms, that Albert Hastings first saw Rose Elmer. Levere, his valet, had sent his master's linen to a laundress, and it had been brought home by Rose.

She was a fair and delicate beauty, small and exquisitely formed, with regular features and a snowy complexion, faintly tinted with a roseate bloom upon the rounded cheeks and plump little lips, and a profusion of pale, golden hair parted and waved off in rippling tresses from a forehead of infantine whiteness and smoothness.

Her beauty fascinated Albert Hastings. He secretly discovered her dwelling—a poor cottage, in a narrow, unsightly street of the village—and he made an excuse to call there and settle his laundress' bill. This was the commencement of their acquaintance. Afterward he contrived frequently to meet Rose in her daily errands through the village, and, when no eye was near to spy his motions, he would join her in her walks.

Through the help of a confidential servant and a city agent, he hired and furnished that obscure cottage in the wood, and one day, meeting Rose, he invited her for a walk, and conducted her to the cottage to give her a surprise and to watch its effect. As he ushered Rose into the pretty room, fitted up with all the elegance of a lady's boudoir, she made an exclamation of intense astonishment and pleasure. The rural cottage in its thicket of roses, flowering shrubs and trees, and the pretty room, with its gems of art and literature, affected her with many delightful emotions. The novelty pleased her unaccustomed eyes; the beauty charmed her poetic soul; and the thought that all this had been prepared by William Lovel, and for her, touched her heart with profound gratitude.

"And this is your home?" she said, turning her clear eyes, beaming with innocent joy, upon his face.

"This is my home, sweet Rose, and yours, when you consent to share it with me," he answered, with a grave tenderness that was natural to him when speaking to her.

"Mr. Lovel, I am too lowly born, too humble, and too ignorant to be your wife. Would it were otherwise, and I were more worthy of the station that you offer me," she murmured, in an almost inaudible voice.

He suddenly dropped her hand and walked to the window. He had not meant anything like this. Yet the innocent village girl had naturally mistaken his declaration of love for a proposal of marriage.

How to deceive her without shocking her; how to explain, without estranging her, he could not tell. He perceived that the winning of this girl to his purpose must be the work of time and great patience. He returned to her side, and repossessing himself of her hand, said:

"Sweet love, I did not mean to hurry and distress you. Since you feel a desire for a wider range of knowledge, though I think you altogether lovely as you are, I myself will become your teacher. It shall be my delightful task to open to your mind the treasures of literature and art, and to direct your reading. This lovely spot shall be our study, and you shall meet me here daily, while I remain in the neighborhood. Will you do this, sweet Rose?"

"To educate myself to be more worthy of you? Oh, yes, Mr. Lovel. You almost distress me with kindness. But I have always heard that the noble and good draw their highest happiness from deeds of beneficence. How happy, then, must you be! Yes, Mr. Lovel, I will come," she murmured, in low and gentle tones, blushing at her own temerity in saying so much.

And thus it was arranged. And daily, while he continued in the neighborhood, they met at the cottage in the wood. Rose Elmer proved an apt scholar. She had already the solid foundation of a good common education. Albert Hastings introduced her to the world of poetry, belles lettres, and art. When he left the neighborhood he had left with her a duplicate key of the cottage, that she might admit herself when she pleased, only exacting from her that she should keep her visits thither, as she had kept their meetings, a secret.

Before coming down on his last visit, Mr. Hastings had written her a note, signed, as usual, "William Lovel," and appointed a meeting with her at the cottage.

It would be tedious to repeat all the arguments he used to reconcile her to a clandestine marriage. It is enough to say that he was a man of society, gifted with powers of logic and eloquence that might have swayed the councils of a nation, to say nothing of the mind of a young girl. He was, besides, handsome, fascinating, and in love; and she was a simple village girl, loving, esteeming and confiding in him with her whole heart. He found the task easier than he could have hoped. Hers was the perfect love which "casteth out fear," that "thinketh no evil." Indeed, she advanced but one objection to the secret marriage—her duty to her mother. But this very argument he immediately seized, and used on his own side.

Her "duty to her mother," he said, "was to provide for her support in her old age. Her marriage with himself would effectually do this."

Then she pleaded hard that this mother should be at once admitted into their confidence. Tenderly, but obstinately, he refused this; telling her that their secret would not be safe in the keeping of a sick and nervous woman, whose reason, from all that he could hear of her, was evidently tottering; and that if that secret should be discovered, his proud uncle would not only disinherit him and withdraw his powerful protection from him, but would even turn his political influence against him. Then Rose ceased to resist, only stipulating that after their marriage she should still remain with her mother, who needed her services, until Mr. Lovel should be ready to acknowledge her as his wife and take both herself and parent to his own home.

This was not all that Mr. Hastings wished, but neither logic nor eloquence could convince or persuade Rose Elmer to desert her ailing mother; and upon no other condition than that of being allowed to remain with her would she consent to the secret marriage. And to this condition Mr. Hastings at last agreed, especially as there were very serious difficulties attending his favorite project of sending her into Wales, where he and his lofty but unloved bride were going to spend their honeymoon. And, finally, he obtained a promise from Rose that she would meet him at the cottage that same night, where, by a previous arrangement, his confidential servant, disguised as a clergyman, was to be in attendance to perform the marriage ceremony. After which, Rose should return to her mother, to remain during the few weeks of his absence in Wales, whither, he said, important business forced him. This agreed upon, they took leave of each other for a few hours, Mr. Hastings saying in parting:

"Farewell for the last time, Rose Elmer; when next we part I shall say, 'Farewell, Rose Lovel, my own sweet wife!'"

They returned to the village by different routes. Mr. Hastings went to his inn, and summoned his confidential servant to his presence. And Rose Elmer, full of hope and joy, turned down the street leading to her mother's cottage.

It was a narrow, dusty, unsightly little street. There was no rural freshness or picturesque beauty about it. The little old stone cottages on each side, and the few sickly-looking plants that stood in the windows, were covered with the hard, white dust that every breath of wind and every passing vehicle raised in clouds.

About half-way down the length of this street stood a row of low, stone cottages, covered, like everything else, with a suffocating dust of purverized limestone. Nothing could be drier or more depressing than the looks of these cottages. Not a green thing grew near them, not a foot of ground intervened between them and the dusty street; the doors opened immediately upon the sidewalk, and not a bit of passage protected the privacy of the dwellers. Any intruder could step at once from the street into the keeping-rooms of these houses.

It was before one of the most forlorn-looking of these cottages that Rose Elmer paused, lifted the latch, and entered at once upon a large, comfortless-looking room, whose scanty furniture had been already covered with dust in her absence. A coarse carpet covered the floor—a cheap muslin veiled the only window. A tent bedstead, with faded curtains, stood in the farthest corner. Opposite this stood a mangle, another corner was filled up with a staircase, having a closet under it, and the fourth corner was adorned with a cupboard, through the glass doors of which a little store of earthenware shone. There was a smoldering fire in the grate, and beside this fire, in an old armchair, sat a woman, whom no one would have passed without a second look. She was a woman of commanding presence. Her form was tall, and must have once been finely rounded; but now it was worn thin, almost to skeleton meagreness. Her features were nobly chiseled, and might once have been grandly beautiful, but now they were sunken and emaciated as those of death. Under her broad and prominent forehead and heavy, dark eyebrows shone a pair of large, dark-gray eyes, that burned fiercely with the fires of fever or of frenzy. Her jet-black hair, slightly streaked with silver, was half covered with a red handkerchief, tied beneath her chin, and partly fallen in elf-locks down one side of her face. A rusty black gown and shawl completed her dress.

As the door opened, admitting Rose, she turned quickly in her chair, fixing her eyes with a look of fierce inquiry upon the intruder.

"How are you now, mother, dear? I hope you feel in better spirits?" said Rose, laying off her bonnet and coming to the woman's side.

"Better. Where have you been? I have wanted you."

"I have been—taking a walk through the woods, dear mother; and see, here are some wild strawberries I picked for you on my return. Will you eat them?" said Rose, offering her little basket.

"No; I want none of them. You care little for me."

"Mother, don't say that. You do not know how much I love you."

"Hush, girl, you have little cause—oh!"

And the woman suddenly struck her hand upon her heart, dropped her head upon her breast, and seemed convulsed by some great agony. Her features worked frightfully; her frame shuddered.

"Mother! mother! what is the matter?" exclaimed Rose throwing her arms around the woman in great alarm.

"It is—past," gasped the woman, breathing with great difficulty.

"What was it, dear?"

"A spasm. It is gone."

"Oh, mother, will it return?"

"Perhaps."

"Let me run for a neighbor, or the doctor."

"Nay, you must run somewhere else! To-morrow, Laura—Lady Etheridge, of Swinburne, weds with Albert Hastings, of Hastings Hall. It is so, is it not?"

"Surely, dear mother, the village is full of the wedding, and talks of nothing else. The village children have been employed all day in bearing flowers to decorate the castle church and to strew in the path of the bride as she comes—they love her so well."

"Yes, she is a high and mighty lady; yet sweet and gracious as becomes one so exalted. Come hither, girl; kneel down before me, so that I may take your face between my hands!" said the woman, growing more strange in her talk.

Rose obeyed, and her mother, bowing her own stern, dark face, shut that of the girl between her hands, and gazed upon it wistfully, critically, murmuring:

"Fair face, delicate features, complexion pure as the inside of a conch-shell, white, and flushed with red; hair like fine yellow silk, and eyes blue and clear as those of infancy; hands, small and elegant. I have not let poverty spoil your beauty, have I, my child?"

"No, dear mother, you have let kindness more likely spoil me," said Rose, in simple wonder at her words.

"I have not let your person grow coarse with hard work, have I, dear?"

"No, mother; notwithstanding that I ought to have worked with you and for you."

"Your hands have never been roughened by helping me in the laundry?"

"No, mother; though they ought to have been."

"Nor have your sweet eyes been spoiled by needle-work?"

"No, good mother; I have been as useless as a fine lady, to my shame."

"And I have worked hard to save you from work, and to pay for your schooling, have I not?"

"Dear mother, you have! You have been the best mother in the world, and only too good to me. But I will try to repay you."

"Think of all that to-morrow, child; and when all the country around shudders at my crime, when all the people call down imprecations upon my name, do not you curse one who has nourished you at her bosom, when that bosom is cold in death," said the woman, solemnly.

"Oh, she is mad! mad!" exclaimed Rose, in dismay, at hearing these words; then lowering her voice, she said: "Mother! mother! try to collect yourself! It is I, your poor daughter Rose, that kneels before you. Do you not know me?"

"Ay, I know you well, and I know what I say," repeated the woman, solemnly.

"Mother! oh, why do you talk so wildly? It is very dreadful! But you are not well!—let me go for some one."

"Yes, you must go for some one. You must go to the castle this afternoon," said the woman, in the same tone of deep gravity.

"To the castle! I mother!" exclaimed Rose, in surprise.

"Yes, you must go to the castle; and, when you get there, ask to see her who calls herself Lady Etheridge."

"The baroness! Dear mother, why do your thoughts so run upon the baroness? What is she to us? Besides, is it likely that she will see me, a poor girl, a perfect stranger, this day of all others, when she sees no one?"

"Hush, Rose! and for once obey one whom you have so long looked upon as your mother. It will be the last time I will ask you to do so. Demand to be admitted in the presence of the baroness. Say that you have come upon a matter of life and death, that nearly

(Continued on page 6.)

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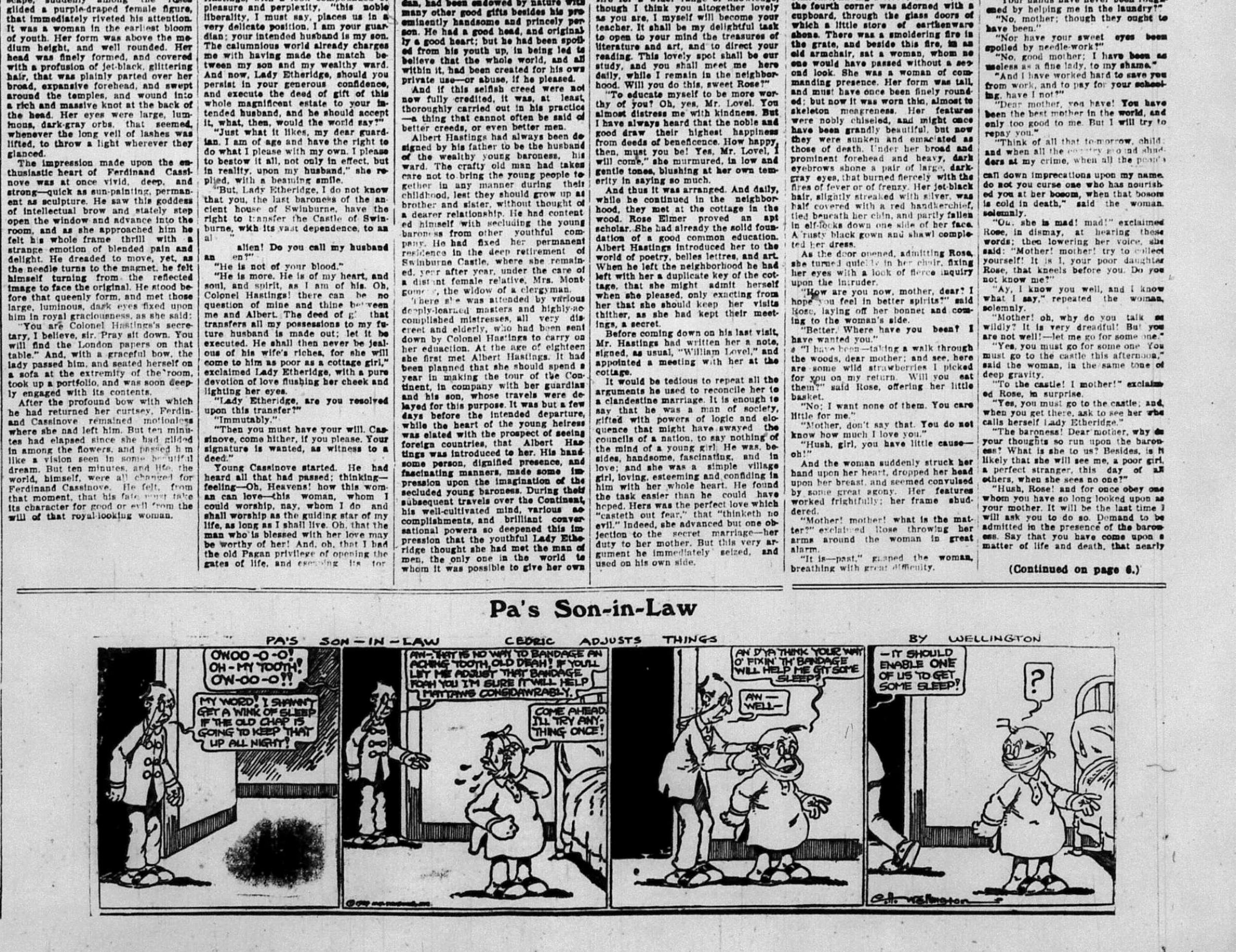
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CEDRIC ADJUSTS THINGS
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OWOO-O-O! OH-MY TOOTH! OW-OO-O!!
MY WORD! I SHAN'T GET A WINK OF SLEEP IF THE OLD CHAP IS GOING TO KEEP THAT UP ALL NIGHT!
AW—THAT IS NO WAY TO BANDAGE AN ACHING TOOTH, OLD DEAH! IF YOU'LL LET ME ADJUST THAT BANDAGE FOAH YOU I'M SURE IT WILL HELP MATTAHS CONSIDAWRABLY.
COME AHEAD! I'LL TRY ANY-THING ONCE!
AN' D'YA THINK YOUR WAY O' FIXIN' TH' BANDAGE WILL HELP ME GIT SOME SLEEP?
AW— WELL—
—IT SHOULD ENABLE ONE OF US TO GET SOME SLEEP!
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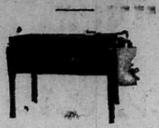

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Power Farming.

A cordial invitation is given all farmers of this county interested in tractor farming to attend a demonstration given by the International Harvester Co., at their place of business in Napanee on Monday, Feb. 18th, 1929.

F. B. CARSCALLEN.
12-ap W. C. T. LOYST.

High Court.

The session of the High Court which was scheduled to open at the Court House on Tuesday afternoon before the Hon. Mr. Justice Kelly, has been cancelled. But one case was entered for trial viz : Johnston vs. Lambert and Wilmont. An action for damages brought by Frank Johnston, Napanee, against Frank Lambert and Robt. N. Wilmont, of Welland, as a result of an accident which occurred on the highway about three miles west of Napanee on September 16th, 1928, in which Mr. Johnston was seriously injured. Herrington, Warner & Grange, Napanee, for plaintiff, German and Brooks, Welland, for defendants. The case has been transferred to Belleville for trial.

Pringle—Rogers.

Miss Grace A. E. Pringle, daughter of the late Allen Pringle and Emma McLeod Pringle, of Napanee, was married to Clarence DeWitt Rogers, a New York lawyer, on February 2nd, at St. Bartholomew's Chapel, New York City, by Rev. Dr. Clifton Macon, of St. Bartholomew's Church and Rev. Francis J. H. Coffin, of St. John's Church, Larchmont, New York. The bride was attended by Miss Josephine Leighton of New York City and the groom by his son, Clarence DeWitt Rogers, Jr. Miss Pringle has resided in New York City for some years past and among her many activities there, organized and for several years was in charge of the Social Service Department of the Hahnemann Hospital and Fifth Avenue Hospital. After a months' honeymoon at Palm Beach Mr. and Mrs. Rogers will reside in Larchmont Manor, N.Y.

Buying Anglin Bus Line.

It is reported that negotiations which have been under way for some time are now practically completed whereby the Colonial Bus Lines, of Montreal, will take over the Anglin Bus Service which has successfully conducted a motor bus service between Belleville, Napanee and Kingston for several years. With the acquisition of the Anglin Bus Service the Colonial Company will control the entire bus service between Montreal and Belleville and it is understood will put on a through line of motor busses between Montreal and Toronto early in the spring besides continuing the local service now existing between the various communities. The Anglin Bus service between Belleville, Napanee and Kingston has proved very successful and a great convenience on account of the excellent service maintained at all times, and the citizens of Belleville, Kingston and all towns on the route will regret to lose from the route Mr. Anglin, who has always been the soul of courtesy and ready at all times to go out of his way to oblige patrons. It is expected that the deal will be finally closed within a few days and that the transfer will be made on March 1.

Lost.

Silver cigarette case with initials R.B. Finder please communicate with Box 570. Reward. 10-ap

Bath, Ont., R. R. 1.
January 21, 1929.

TO THE MILK PRODUCERS,
Patrons of Farmer's Dairy,
Napanee District.

Gentlemen :—

You are aware that the Farmer's Dairy has instituted a campaign for milk of a higher standard and you are also aware of the demands now made. Perhaps you have or have not realized that this is just the thin edge of the wedge and more regulations are sure to follow. We are only a short time away from the tuberculin test and rigid herd inspection. Now all these things are only in line with the progressive sanitary measures demanded by all large fluid milk consuming centres. It will be futile for us to blame the Farmer's Dairy, but we can rest assured that unless we, the producers, adopt measures and organization to protect ur rights, we will get inadequate remuneration and find ourselves with greater investment, more labor to perform and higher costs

The individualism of the past is useless, our personal protests are unheeded and a large amount of dissatisfaction exists over tests and prices.

There is only one way we can effectually guard our rights and that is organization, but the problem is to organize. We will be forced to organize finally, for all else is organized with which we deal, so why delay.

A start has to be made in all things—we have delayed now far too long—so I have taken the responsibility of urging you to do it now.

Do you want organization ? If so, will every producer who reads this write me his views. If sufficient desire is shown I will proceed to arrange and call a meeting in the Town of Napanee. The situation now rests with you. Tell your neighbor and have him write too.

It is not my desire to malign the Farmer's Dairy in any way, but to so organize ourselves as to have some control of prices in relation to cost.

Respectfully submitted,
W. L. HAIGHT,
10-b Bath, Ont.

We have the Agency for the Connor Electric and hand washers.

45-tf **SPENCER & SON.**

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Morning worship. Sermon : "Dead Weight in the Church."

11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.

7 p.m.—Public Worship.

Sermon : Fourth in the series. "Are There Few that be Saved?"

Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League. "Music night."

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer service. Talk on "Hymns of the Church."

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Poultry Wanted !

We pay the highest cash prices for poultry the year round.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
18-1-y Napanee.

Auction Sale of Household Furniture.

At the residence of the late Mrs. W. H. Grass, is postponed until Saturday, Feb. 16th., at one o'clock sharp. This is a furniture Sale of some importance. Any one interested in furniture be sure and attend. Terms cash.

H. W. GALLAGHER,
Auctioneer.

Lennox and Addington Poultry Association—Election of Officers.

Hon. Presidents—Dr. E. Ming, M.P.P., Geo. Fralick, J. Hayes.
Pres.—Ray Perry.
1st Vice-Pres.—M. B. Mills.
2nd Vice-Pres.—A. Fraser.
Secretary—E. W. Metcalf.
Treasurer—Geo. Knox.
Show Secretary—Mr. Runions.
Judge—Geo. DeGroff.
Board of Directors—A. Rooks, Geo. Fralick, Mr. Runions, W. R. Coates and Officers.
Auditors—E. J. Walters, Jas. Thompson.

Ripe Old Ages.

Mr. Geo. R. Parks, Picton, who is in his 90th year and whose parents were both 87 at the time of their deaths, is one of a family of fourteen children, eight of whom are living and whose average age is about 84 years. The other seven are Mrs. Hulda Chambers, 95 ; Mrs. Eunice Anderson, 90 ; Mr. Thos. Parks, 86 ; Mr. Archibald Parks, 75 ; Mr. Okel B. Parks, 72, all of Napanee; Mrs. Mary A. Campbell, 93, Michigan ; and Mrs. Alfeda Fraleck, 81, Odessa. Of the six who died, one brother was nearly 90.

Hydro Service.

Mr. Chas. W. Hambly, ex-M.P.P. and Capt. A. S. Hughson, who were appointed as a delegation, by the ratepayers on the Napanee-Deseonto Highway to interview the Monister, The Honourable J. R. Cook, Toronto, re Hydro services for farmers, returned Wednesday. The Hon. Mr. Cook appreciated the spirit of the visit and went thoroughly into the question of rural power, explaining the present situation and the intention of the Commission in the future. Their objective is to have Hydro in every rural home, and in fact it may be mentioned, that in a number of Western townships, there is Hydro in more homes than telephones. A meeting of those concerned in this matter will be called in the near future, when a full report from the delegation will be given.

The Chateau Laurier.

With the opening of Parliament this year the complete array of additional bedrooms provided by the extension of the Chateau Laurier, the Canadian National Railways hotel, Ottawa, are available for the use of parliamentarians and the hundreds of others whose business requires them to visit the nation's capital. With the additional space which has been provided by the enlargement of the Chateau, there are now 500 bedrooms as against some 300 before. The enlargement of the hotel has also permitted the inclusion of extensive "public rooms" for the use of convention parties and special parties who will make it their headquarters. Many of these are distinctive in their furnishings and decorative effects. The newer part of the building is, in a style of architecture, in complete harmony with the older section and the enlarged Chateau now provides Ottawa with splendid hotel accommodation to meet the ever increasing demands.

Frigidaire Convention.

P. U. Laidley, the local dealer for Frigidaire, is leaving this week to attend a large Frigidaire dealer convention being held in Montreal February 14th and 15th. This convention, which will be held at the Windsor Hotel, will be the largest Frigidaire convention ever held in Canada and will be attended by the Frigidaire organization from Nova Scotia to Manitoba. Preparations have been in progress for several weeks to make it an outstanding success. The convention will celebrate the conclusion of the greatest year in Frigidaire's history and company executives, in their addresses, will outline plans for making 1929 an even bigger year. In referring to the success of 1928 and the outlook for 1929 in his official convention announcement, Mr. E. G. Biechler, president and general manager of Frigidaire Corporation, says in part : "In view of the highly favourable reports coming to me from all parts of the country, I predict with confidence that Frigidaire sales in 1929 will reach a mark never before attained in the industry. One of the most significant developments of the past year, so far as the organization is concerned, was the sharp price reductions made possible by increased demand and the consequent larger-scale production.

Calendars and Diaries.

A suitable gift to keep track of the days and doings.

HOGARTH'S.

Amazing Results

And quick relief. Use Mrs. Sybilla Spahr's Tonsilitis for whooping Cough, Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Quinsy, Head Colds, Catarrh, Tonsil Ills and Sore Throats. Try it. Napanee Druggists. 11-b

Presented with an Address.

During Judge Madden's stay in Picton while presiding at Division Court, he was tendered an address of welcome by E. M. Young, K.C., on behalf of the Bench and Bar, this being his first official appearance in Picton.

Entertained Eastern Star Members.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Bradshaw, Strathcona, entertained about thirty-five members of the Napanee Chapter Eastern Star, on Thursday evening. Progressive euchre and delicious refreshments made the outing extremely enjoyable.

Silver Wedding.

A silver wedding anniversary was celebrated on Friday evening, February 1st, at Newburgh, by Mr. and Mrs. J. Ed. Harrison. One hundred and fifty people gathered in the spacious rooms of their home, and for a few hours enjoyed the hospitality of the host and hostess. They were presented with a cabinet of silver, accompanied by the well wishes of the company. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have many friends, who extended their hearty congratulations.

The King's Health.

Another step in the earnestly hoped for restoration to health of King George is his going to Bognor, where he will be able to breathe the fresh, life-giving breezes of the sea, instead of the smoky, and sometimes foggy, atmosphere of London. Our Sailor King loves the sea, and it will be a matter of keen enjoyment to him to be near, and able to gaze at it. It is to be remembered that the King has yet some distance to go before his peoples can hold a great Thanksgiving for his complete recovery, but change of air, especially to the ozone of the sea air, and change of scene, very generally work wonders in restoring good health. What his peoples are feeling in the matter is well represented in that magnificent cartoon in Punch representing Father Neptune off the Sussex coast saying from the sea, "Here's a health unto His Majesty." May God grant it.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, THIS WEEK.

Last week we sold out of several "Save with Safety" specials. More will arrive for this week-end—dont fail to lay in a supply. We list here only a few of the many specials.

25c. Tooth Brushes	2 for 29c.
35c. Tooth Brushes	2 for 38c.
50c. Tooth Brushes (replaced if found faulty)	2 for 78c.
60c. Klenzo Tooth Paste	50c.
25c. Rexall Tooth Paste	19c.
50c. Rexall Tooth Paste	39c.
50c. Pepsodent Tooth Paste	29c.
25c. Listerine Tooth Paste	19c.
Pearl Tooth Paste	25c.
Colgate's Tooth Paste	25c.
Rexall Vanishing Cream	35c.
Three Flowers Vanishing Cream	50c.
Pond's Vanishing Cream	29c.
French Balm (for chapped hands,) double size	39c.
35c. Winterbalm (the ideal hand lotion for winter use)	29c.
Neurotonic Nerve Tablets (contain phosphorous)	50c.
50c. Dodd's Pills	29c.
Coty's Face Powder, any shade	59c.
Saffranor Face Powder	79c.
50c. Jonteel Face Powder and 25c. Jonteel Soap, the two	50c.
75c. Kruschen Salts and a trial package, both for	75c.
100 A. S. A. (formerly called Aspirin)	59c.
200 A.B.S. & C. Tablets	19c.
100 A.B.S. & C. Tablets (United Drug Co.)	25c.
1 lb. Sabadilla Powder (recommended by Farm Journals and stockmen as best preparation known for lice on cattle	75c.
3 lbs. New Electric Louse Powder	1.00
1 qt. Separator Oil	25c.
10 sheets kid finish Writing Paper and 50 envelopes to match, all for	39c.
1 lb. Hunt's Chocolates (the most delicious candy at any price)	60c.
Hunt's Family box candy	50c.
Peppermint Patties (full lb. box)	29c.
Trusses (made by experts with half a century's experience) all guaranteed, from	$1.75 to $10.00
Vapure (a few drops on the handkerchief acts like magic for head colds	50c.
Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture	75c.
Wampole's Cod Liver Oil	$1.00
$1.00 Peptona	79c.
$1.00 Beef, Iron and Wine	79c.
75c. Rubber Gloves	49c.
Guaranteed Hot Water Bottles	79c.

Phone or mail orders given prompt attention.

Mail orders, add postage.

WALLACE'S

NAPANEE'S LEADING DRUG STORE.

Just "Uncle" to MacDuff.

Amongst the new boys at Eton this term, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly, is Lord MacDuff, the fourteen-year-old son of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. An amusing story is told about him.

The young earl had just learned the words of the National Anthem, when he told his nurse that he wanted to see "our noble King."

One day when the King was walking in the grounds at Bagshot with the Duke of Connaught, Lord MacDuff was told by his nurse, "Look, there is the King with grandfather."

"Oh, no," said young Lord Macduff, "that is no the King. That is my Uncle George."

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

Public Worship Sunday, Feb. 17th, at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday school 11.45 a.m.

Monday, 7.30 p. m. — Young People's League.

Mid-week Bible Class every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Studies in Pilgrim's Progress.

Feb. 13.—"Doubting Castle and Giant Despair."

Mr. W. S. Wilson has received a car of Alberta coal.

The new Wallpapers are in. A splendid assortment to choose from at HOGARTH'S.

The big international plowing match of the Ontario Plowman's Association will be held in Kingston in 1929.

Deseronto will hold a U. E. Loyalist Demonstration on June 16th, 17th and 18th. A strong committee has been chosen to carry on the celebration.

Mrs. Dorland Hayes, a former resident of Napanee, died at Lansing, Mich., on Tuesday last. Mrs. Hayes was a sister-in-law of Mrs. Shorts, Thomas street.

The Napanee Post of the Canadian Legion held their initial function on Wednesday evening in the lodge rooms of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., with a smoker.

Mrs. N. Babcock and Mrs. N. Hart, Napanee, were in an accident near Burlington when a bus of the Gray Coach Line turned over into a ditch. Both were slightly injured.

The February meeting of the Napanee Women's Institute will be held on February 12th, at 2.30 o'clock in the Agricultural Room. Rev. A. J. Wilson will give an address. A large attendance is requested.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will observe Francis Willard memorial day, Feb. 19th, Mrs. (Rev.) Seymour, of Morven, will give a talk on the work of prohibition societies in Canada.

WHERE SNAKES ARE FARMED.

Use Reptiles and Their Poisons for Scientific Purposes.

At Sao Paulo, Southern Brazil, is to be found the famous garden of snakes, owned by the Institute of Serumtherapy, who use the reptiles and their poisons for scientific purposes.

"Here the laboratories and museum, with stables for the envenomed horses, mules and oxen which yield the precious anti-toxin of their own blood, look down upon the sinister park of serpents, with its symmetrical array of cemented dens and a wide moat in which toads and evil reptiles glide through the stagnant waters.

"The institute, directed by the famous ophidologist, Dr. Vital Brazil, is the continent nation's clearing house for poisonous snakes. The 'fazendeiros,' or growers of coffee, sugar, cocoa, and other produce, capture and consign snakes in the special labelled cases which the institute provides and which all Brazil's railways and river companies carry free of charge.

"In their thousands these reptiles come, and are loosed in the garden until the scientific staff are ready to extract their venom. And in due time the agricultural senders receive vials of the precious serum, together with syringe-needles for instant injection to any victim of snake-bite in their service. . . .

"The director tells me of five thousand deaths and twenty thousand lesser cases every year."

HERCULANEUM.

Beauties of Ancient City Are Being Reconstructed.

Excavators are rapidly uncovering the wonders and beauties of ancient Herculaneum.

Thus the missing portions of a frescoed wall are no longer considered as irrevocably lost. No trace of destruction or ruin is left after the discovery of a building, and, as far as possible, no blank spaces are to be found in any mosaic or fresco uncovered. Wooden doors, windows, stairs and furniture are reconstructed or reproduced from the original surviving fragments, generally consisting of charred or carbonized pieces of wood.

Trees, plants and flowering shrubs originally adorning gardens are identified from their surviving roots and replaced by new ones.

Several houses have been unearthed within the last six months, and most of them have been practically rebuilt. The carbonized remains of wooden beds and chests found in three cubicles rendered possible the reconstruction of the original furniture.

A swimming pool faced with marble, a water tank covered by an iron grating, a ladder leading to a slave's bedroom in an attic, shutters meant to keep the glare of the sun from cool marble halls, have all been reconstructed.

THE TOWER OF PISA.

An Effort Is Being Made to Save the Old Structure.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has been tipping further over and fear has been felt for its safety. In an effort to save the old structure concrete is being forced under the foundation. When measured a hundred years ago, the tower was fifteen and one-half feet out of the perpendicular. In 1910, it was sixteen and one-half feet. The foundation descends only ten feet into the ground.

A recent survey was made of the subsoil underneath to see what strengthening measures could be undertaken. It was decided to force concrete under the walls, which are thirteen feet thick at the base. The tower, with its eight stories, rises 179 feet, and is constructed throughout of marble. Experts who have studied it believe that the tower assumed its leaning position while under construction, early in the twelfth century, and that its designers did not intend it to lean.

Car Glass.

For both windows and windshields, cut to any size. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES

"Jesus answered them, Do ye now believe ? Behold the hour cometh, yea is now come, that ye shall be scattered every man to his own and shall leave me alone ; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me. These things I have spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," John 16 : 31-33 ; "And this is life eternal, that they may know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," John 17 : 3.

O worship the King all glorious above !
O gratefully sing his power and his love,
Our Shield and Defender, the ancient of days,
Pavillioned in splendour and girded with praise.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Finest Separator Oil, 25c. a quart at WALLACE'S, Napanee agents.

PLAZA BARBER SHOP

(John Street)

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Complete barbering service for ladies and gentlemen

BERT. MOWERS

47-dp

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Big Double Show—Two big features and a Comedy.

"THE SILENT HERO," features a new brilliant dog star, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Also Billie Dove in "THE LOVE MART," George Fitzmaurice's production for First National Pictures.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Ruth Taylor and James Hall, popular young stars of Paramount pictures, have been costarred in "JUST MARRIED."

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Prince Yucca Troubetskoi, member of a royal Russian family, plays a role in "THE MYSTERIOUS LADY, Greta Garbo's new starring production.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays

Farm Journals, Government representatives and stock men generally, advise the use of Subadilla powder for lice on cattle. We may add that local farmers who have tried it out claim that Subadilla is far and away the best louse powder known. Sold nd recommended at Wallace's.

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut 35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

Dress-making Contest

Commencing Monday, Feb. 25th,

and continuing for one month, an amateur dress-making consest will be carried on in connection with the dress goods department of "The Canadian Department Stores."

$50 in Prizes

in the Local Store

$200 in Prizes

in competion with all the stores in the C.D.S. chain.

Further particulars and regulations to be announced later.

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED

Lent *Commences Ash Wednesday, Feb. 13*
2 or 3 Fish Days Every Week

SUCCESS IS

" Selling Fish that won't come back-- to Customers who will."

Here are the Fish :

Fresh frozen Whitefish, Fresh B. C. Salmon, Fresh Pike and Flounders, Salt Skinless Cod, and Boneless Cod, Salted Sea Herring and Lake Herring, Smoked Fillets, and Haddies.

Make your choice.

OYSTERS. Fresh Head Lettuce, 15c. head. Golden Popcorn. Buckwheat Flour. Give us a call

Perry's Grocery 'Phone 130.

The Profit Lies in the Finish

IT PAYS to market cattle with the proper degree of finish. A quality product always commands a premium and is readily saleable at a profitable price. If you have stock which needs a little more time for finishing, and the feed is scarce, see the local manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. It is a simple matter to arrange a loan to carry the stock until a favorable market warrants a profitable sale.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

with which is amalgamated

(THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA)

Cooling Refreshing

Dry mouth and parched throat are grateful for the refreshing coolness of Wrigley's Spearmint.

Wrigley's whitens teeth, sweetens the mouth, clears the throat and aids digestion, while the act of chewing calms and soothes the nerves.

WRIGLEY'S after every meal

CJ-18

MOTOR PRODUCTION.

Output of 1928 Largest In History of Trade.

The 1928 output of automobiles in the United States (factory sales) was 4,357,384, the largest in the history of the industry, according to the U.S. Department of Commerce, and the same is true of Canadian production, which was 242,382 cars. The totals, by years, for the United States and Canada were given by the Department as follows:—

Year	United States	Canada
1921	861,003	15,675
1922	2,544,176	102,053
1923	4,034,012	146,438
1924	3,602,540	135,246
1925	4,265,830	161,389
1926	4,301,135	204,727
1927	3,401,326	178,427
1928	4,357,384	242,382

The 1928 output of passenger cars was 3,826,613, or 29.7 per cent greater than in 1927, while that of trucks was 530,771, or 16.7 per cent larger than for the previous year.

World's Highest City.

La Paz, Bolivia, where the war clouds have been hovering of late is the loftiest capital in the world, for it stands on a mountain top 12,470 feet above sea-level. This is 2,000 feet higher than Quito, in Ecuador, and 5,000 feet higher than Mexico City. Its nearest rival for height is the far-distant Lhasa, which stands at an altitude of 11,830 feet. The mean temperature of La Paz is 50 degrees Fahrenheit, but it is never really warm there except in the sunshine, and the cold nights are unrelieved by fireside comforts, for the simple reason that the folk have nothing to burn, there being neither coal nor trees in the desolate mountainous regions around the city.

King of Clocks Proposed.

A German inventor has suggested the advisability of making one clock to beat time for the whole world.

From some central observatory its ticks would be broadcast instantly by wireless to the whole civilized world, giving a single accurate time.

Clocks throughout the world would be brought to agreement as close as one one-hundred-thousandth of a second, and the inventor's elaborate plans include the use of television devices to synchronize the earth's clocks with the master time-piece.

Boiled Whale.

Whale flesh was a recognized article of food during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In England whale was either roasted and served on the spit or boiled and served with peas. The tongue and tail were the favorite parts.

Life of Wood In Water.

The average life of wood in sea water is from ten to fifteen years. In tropical waters it may be only two years. Sound piles have, however, been removed from fresh water in which they have stood for more than 1,000 years.

Beneficial to Farm Live Stock.

Iodine in very small quantities is said to have a beneficial effect on all farm live stock.

DANISH CO-OPERATION

THIS SYSTEM IS WORKING VERY SATISFACTORILY.

Little Country Sends 500,000,000 Pounds of Bacon to England Annually—Built on Square Dealing—Rolls Up Huge Exports.

The annual bacon export of Denmark to England is over 500,000,000 pounds, and the aggregate return is in excess of $100,000,000. Denmark holds the market firmly by the ears, supplying more than 60 per cent. of all that England imports.

The Danish co-operative chiefs are really prepared to scoff at any attempt by any other country to "cut in" on the bacon business. In this particular case the country has entirely re-organised its stock-farming business to supply English housewives with exactly what they want. The bacon which the Englishman wants to eat with his Danish eggs at breakfast comes from a milk-fed hog, often a cross between the Yorkshire boar and the common Danish species.

The Danes bank on their co-operatives as a religion and in the pork industry alone five-sixths of all meat is butchered and marketed by these joint organizations. There are fifty co-operative hog slaughter-houses in the country and the 3,000,000 pigs which they butcher every year bring an annual turnover of well over $105,000,000. The annual export of bacon and other pork abattoir products year before last had a value of $125,000,000, five-sixths of which was represented by the output of the co-operatives. The English trade is handled by Danish Bacon Limited in London, which at the same time keeps close tab on the demands of the market and guards against competition.

The possibilities of the much-heralded Danish co-operative system have never been shown to better advantage than at the present time when other countries of Europe and America are beginning to show interest in the European farm products market at present dominated by the Danes. The advantage which both individual farmers and the collective population receive from "playing the game" with one another is perfectly exemplified by the position of the hog raisers at the present time.

At first glance the "system" and its ramifications seem complicated, but in function they are utterly simple and practical.

The average stock raiser keeps both cattle and hogs and in order to get the greatest profit out of the former he belongs to one of the 1,400 co-operative dairies in the country. His cows are well-bred specimens and give the maximum quantity of milk with a large butter-fat content, because he has followed the suggestions of the cow-testing society to which he belongs. He not only shares in the profits of the dairy but after the separation of his milk he receives the buttermilk and skimmed milk gratis. This he feeds to his hogs according to the advice given him by the Royal Agricultural Society and when he receives word from his co-operative slaughter house that the market is good he takes the hogs there for butchering. The slaughter house, in turn, co-operates with the associated Danish pig slaughter houses to determine when it may butcher to the best advantage.

The individual stock raiser meanwhile has been paid current prices on delivery of his products to the co-operatives and when the year ends he shares in the profits of both the dairy and the slaughter house, according to the amount of milk and pork he has delivered to them.

It is like "the house that Jack built," or "the farmer in the dell," as far as ramifications are concerned, but it is to the ultimate advantage of everyone in the relationship. The whole secret of the success of these co-operatives is founded on that one thing—trust.

The grip which this spirit of trust and co-operation has taken on the country is evident after a survey of figures which the co-operative chiefs furnish.

There are 1,400 co-operative dairies in the country with an annual turnover of approximately $150,000,000. There are eleven co-operative butter export societies, comprising 550 dairies. The Danish co-operative egg export has 700 local egg collecting branches scattered through the country and 50,000 individual poultry raisers who bring their eggs to it. The total export for 1927 was 42,000,000 score.

So on ad infinitum. There are co-operative cattle export societies, and the Danish farmers' societies seed supply, the co-operative feeding stuffs societies and the Danish co-operative fertilizer business, the co-operative supply unions and the Danish co-operative wholesale society.

The co-operative supply unions, numbering 1,800, furnish one of the most interesting phases of the entire system. They furnish everything from herring to bicycles to more than 300,000 families in the country. Shoes, lumber, vine and bicycles as well as dresses, kitchen utensils, smoking tobacco, coffee, soap and leather goods are represented in its repertoire. The joint society of all supply unions manufactures goods for the retail organizations and has a turnover of $10,000,000 a year, the goods being purchased by 1,800 different organizations.

This tremendous activity of the co-operatives in the purely retail market has been accepted gracefully by individual retail merchants and the complaints which one might expect against "throttling of individual enterprise" and "bureaucracy" have been stilled completely. The co-operative is an instrument of the people and it has become a "religion" to them simply because it has enabled them, as a unit to fight their economic battles to a successful conclusion.

Mexico's Measuring.

The metric system of weights and measures has been adopted in Mexico.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

Chilled Beef Trade Grown to Huge Proportions.

The chilled beef trade of South America has grown to huge proportions during recent years. There are now scores of vessels which are exclusively engaged on the meat-carrying trade, while five new and luxurious liner-cargo boats have just been put into commission. These each accommodate 160 first-class passengers and carry the chilled carcasses of 20,000 head of cattle.

Hundreds of thousands of Argentine steers are annually rounded up in up-country "estancias," or ranches, and are then brought down to the "frigerifatos," or chilling houses, of Buenos Ayres.

One such "frigerifato," situated alongside the Boca, or Buenos Ayres South Dock, covers an area of nearly six acres, and is roughly divided into halves by a lane on one side of which lie the cattle pens, and on the other the factory buildings themselves.

The carcasses are dealt with at a terrific rate, while horns, hoofs, hide, and so on, are cleansed and put to a hundred uses by the staff of Germans, Greeks, Argentines and Czechs.

From the time the ships leave Buenos Ayres to the time they dock in London the thousands of carcasses must be kept at exactly the right temperature. For this reason each hold is surrounded with a complicated system of pipes containing a refrigerating mixture.

THE GAZELLE.

Can Run at the Rate of Sixty Miles an Hour.

While on an exploration tour in the little-known Gobi desert, Roy Chapman Andrews reports a wonderful exhibition of running by a gazelle. He was on a hard smooth plain when we came abreast of him, he writes, about three hundred yards off to the right. He trotted parallel with us for a few moments and then broke into a run.

For a furlong he held even at thirty-five miles an hour; then I stepped on the accelerator. He did likewise. Another push brought us up to forty miles an hour. He seemed rather surprised at that and slightly annoyed that anything should challenge him. After a quarter of a mile he evidently decided that the matter has passed a joke and he would end it right there. Then he really began to run.

I could not better forty-five miles an hour on that going and the gazelle drew in swiftly on a long slant, passing fifty yards ahead of us. Once across, he slowed down, gave a final leap as though he were on rubber tires, and stopped to gaze curiously at the car.

He had a run a fairly good race, for he started 300 yards away and we were going at forty-five miles an hour on a straight line. He was certainly doing sixty miles an hour.

Stock-taking Sale in Full Swing

—At—

McINTOSH BROS.

97 Piece Dinner Sets **from $13.95**
Brooms—5 String, Extra Special. On sale **39c. each**
P. and G., or Pearl Soap, 10 Bars **for 39c.**

Don't forget the Remnants Tables! *Bargains Galore*

Ladies' Silk and Wool Hose, perfect goods. On sale **79c. pair**
Ladies' Silk Hose Full Fashioned. Values up to $1.50, **on sale $1.00**
Pure Wool Toques. Values up to $1.00, **on sale 59c.**

Visit our China Department and See the New Dinnerware!

Kiddies' Sweaters and Sweater Coates. Values up to $1.50, **on sale 98c.**
Ladies' and Misses' Underwear, all specially **Reduced during sale**
Men's Sweater Coats, sizes 36 to 44, **on sale $2.19**
Boys' Windbreakers, **all at one price $1.95.**

Take advantage of this golden opportunity and save money by shopping at

McINTOSH BROS., "The Firm That Delivers The Goods".

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

SUCCESS IS YOURS when you use MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Highest Quality, Moderate Price.

MADE IN CANADA · NO ALUM

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

INFLUENZA.

During an epidemic, most people are anxious to secure information as to how to protect themselves from the particular disease which happens to be epidemic at that time. There are fewer epidemics now than there used to be because we have learned how to prevent certain diseases which, not so many years ago, were the cause of epidemics. The early settlers in this country had the sad experience of repeated epidemics of cholera and typhus fever, or, as the latter was called, ship's fever or immigrant fever. Until recent years, epidemics of typhoid fever were common. These diseases rarely cause epidemics now because our public health organization wages a successful war against them, providing the necessary equipment with which to fight is available.

We are not successful in the same measure in preventing epidemics of such diseases as influenza, because as yet the cause of this disease is not definitely known; nor have we a means of making ourselves immune or resistant to influenza in the way we can, through vaccination, render ourselves immune to smallpox.

All the advice given in regard to influenza may be put in a few words—live a hygienic life, and if you become ill, go to bed and call in your family doctor. This advice is perfectly sound. Our reason for referring to it is that it is important that it be understood that if we are to protect ourselves at the time of an influenza epidemic, we must establish and live a hygienic life at all times. We say this because we believe it is practically impossible to alter our mode of living suddenly. We should, for example, always wash our hands before eating; we should never put our hands to our faces excepting to use a handkerchief; we should not put anything into our mouths, excepting food and drink, or a toothbrush. The reason for these habits is to keep disease germs out of the mouth—the common mode of entrance. Such habits cannot be suddenly established during an epidemic. Practice them at all times and you will do them unconsciously, and so protect yourself, during and between epidemics, from some of the dangers of infection.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Tell Age by Scars.

In the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, London, is a remarkable tree known as the "Kaffir Bread" plant. More than 1,000 years old, it is not, however, a native of Great Britain, having been imported from South Africa a few years ago. Nor is it very big. At its widest point the trunk is only 15 inches in girth, and the tree is barely 10 feet high, yet it is known by the formidable name of Encephalartos Altensteinnii.

How can its age be told? This is done by comparing the number of leaf scars which cover the trunk with the number of fronds produced each year.

Canada's Experimental Farm System.

The Canadian Governmental Experimental Farm system now embraces 27 farms, seven sub-stations, one horse-breeding station, one fox ranch, 10 plant pathological laboratories and 201 illustration stations at different points in the nine provinces of the Dominion. The system is the largest of its kind in the world.

Skin Is Tough.

The American negro is less susceptible than the white man to diseases which enter the body by way of the skin, a zoologist at the University of California says.

The Mechanical Toy.

The earliest known mechanical toy dates back to about 2000 B.C., and is of Egyptian origin.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Edgar Knight, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia was removed to the Kingston General Hospital on Thursday.

Mr. Edwin Baughn spent last week-end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Boyes spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Mrs. Costigan, Toronto, and Rev. H. Costigan, Smith's Falls, were in Napanee last week attending the funeral of the late David McClew.

Mr. F. W. Barrett spent a few days last week in Gravenhurst, visiting his son, Mr. Will Barrett.

Mrs. John Robinson, Stratford, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Reg. Plumley.

Mrs. Clarence Pinney, Empey Hill, left on Sunday for Flint, Mich., where she will join her husband.

Mr. Gordon Barrs, of the C.D.S. spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mrs. Wm. Burns, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. J. Pollard, returned to New York on Tuesday. Mrs. Pollard accompanied her as far as Montreal.

Mr. Victor Cowling is spending a few days in Toronto.

DEATHS

Manion—At Richmond, on Saturday, Feb. 9th, 1929, Annie Manion, aged 42 years, 8 months.

Whiteman—At Tyendinaga, on on Monday, Feb. 4th, 1929, William Whiteman, aged 77 years, 5 months.

McClew—At Napanee, on Wednesday, February 6th, 1929, David McClew, aged 69 years, 4 months.

Mills—Eliza Jane, 87 years, daughter of the late George and Martha Charlton Mills, (pioneers of Napanee) and sister to George B. and William, David and Francis Charlton Mills, died at Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday, 26th of January, without sickness or pain, just slept peacefully away.

Has the "flu" left you or the children with a nasty, lingering cough? Howard's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is considered one of the best preparations for correcting this. In 35c., 60c. and 90c. bottles at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

MY FIVE-SHILLING SHOCK.

Sir Harry Lauder Tells a Few Jokes on Himself.

An American who claimed to have invented synthetic rubber once brought me a specimen.

It looked like rubber, felt like rubber, tasted like rubber (I broke a false tooth on it, so keen was I to test it in every way), and, most wonderful of all, my last scruples went by the board, writes Sir Harry Lauder in Tit-Bits. I jumped right in. Never mind how much; I hate to think about it. Fancy any man not recognizing a bit of real rubber when he saw it, felt it, tasted it, and bounced it! But it's always the simplest trick that gets away with the applause and the sucker's money.

The rubber was only too real.

As I was leaving a railway station the battery of wily camera men that awaited me so manoeuvred that I was posed against a taxi with my hand pointing to a placard which I, unsuspicious man, did not "trouble to read."

Next morning all the papers had "Harry Lauder standing beside a taxi-cab and gleefully pointing to a notice, 'Great Reduction in Fares'."

They tell a good story about me at an Australian course through which a railway runs. At one of the holes you have to drive over the rails. I had a very good game with two or three "birdies" in the round, and was feeling so good that perhaps I erred on the side of generosity in the way of a tip to my caddie at the finish.

Immediately on returning to the "pen," he was asked by the other caddies what I had given him.

"Five shillings," he proudly remarked, and showed the two half-crowns.

"Gee!" exclaimed one of his companions, "you must have saved his life at the railway crossing!"

On one of my tours we fixed up a flying matinee at a little town in Virginia. The arrangements were completed satisfactorily and Tom, my manager, thought he might as well give the dressing rooms the once over. He found the accommodation consisted of one large room under the stage.

"But what about the lady artistes?" asked Tom. "You know we have several women performers—how do you keep them apart from the men?"

"Apart?" said the other in a puzzled way. "Why—don't they speak? Are they not friends?"

An Aberdeen man came up to London for a holiday and found himself in Piccadilly about eleven o'clock at night. He was amazed at the colored advertisements in electric light and inquired of a newsboy the following: "Hey, loonie, fat's a' them reed and fite an' blue lichties bobbin oot an' in ower 'ere see?" The gamin, polite to start with, begged pardon, sir, and asked him what he had said the first time.

The Aberdonian repeated his question in the same dialect, but a bit quicker.

Again the newsboy confessed that he was unable to "follow," and would the gentleman repeat his question, speaking "a bit slower, guv'nor."

Once more the northern visitor demanded to know, "fat's a' them reed and fite an' blue lichties bobbinoo-aninowerersee " but his temper was becoming shorter by this time and he hurried his last words all together. The newsboy gave him one look of supreme contempt.

"Get aht, ye—Portugee!" and passed on.

Silent Welding.

Inmates of a West Virginia hospital were undisturbed although a steel-addition to the structure was built recently. Electric-arc welding instead of riveting was the process used, so that practically all noise was eliminated, says Popular Mechanics. At one time, the welding was in progress only fifteen feet from an operating table, but the surgeons went on without annoyance.

GENUINE FEBRUARY SALE!

This sale is annual at this store and has always been a real success owing to the money-saving values we give our customers.

Sale - Women's Shoes - $2.95

This lot includes values up to $5.00. Broken lines and included in the lot are Patent Straps, Pumps and Ties.
Don't miss this bargain.......$2.95

Sale - Women's Shoes - $3.95

This lot of shoes include broken sizes of some of our best makes. Values up to $7.00. A real saving in dependable footwear.
Don't miss this bargain.......$3.95

Sale - Women's Shoes - $4.95

In this lot include 66 pairs of Women's Empress Corrective Strap Shoes, mostly brown. The sizes running from 3 to 9 and A to E widths, but not in all widths.
Don't miss this saving.......$4.95

Men! Here's a Bargain

171 pairs of fresh, new Oxfords. In tan, brown, or black. All sizes in each line. Goodyear welt soles, and real solid shoes. Cannot be duplicated elsewhere under $5.00 pair.
Don't miss this bargain.......$3.95

Men's Lumbermen Rubbers

Real good quality. Some have red soles and black.
Don't miss this bargain.......$2.45

Boys'

Here's your chance to secure a real calf boot, made on the famous Hiker last. All sizes. About 60 pairs left. Act now.
Don't miss this bargain.......$2.95

Boys' Full Grain Boots

For every day wear. Panco soles. **To clear**.......$2.69

Misses' Calf Ties

With strong soles and rubber lift. **Clearing**.......$1.95

See Goloshes - On Sale.

Dependable Overshoes of the best make. All sizes
Sacrificed to clear.......$1.89

Misses' Overshoes, On Sale

In greys and fawns. Reg. $2.75 values. **Sale**.......$1.69

Men's High Cut Rubbers

12 inch tops of leather and good Life-Buoy bottoms. Regular $5.95. All sizes.......$3.95

Men's Gloves

Suede and lined. In grey and fawn.......$1.49

Women's Gloves

Reg. $3.00 lined Kid Gloves, in two shades. Sale.......$1.95

Men's Split Horse Gloves

All fleece lined. **A real special**.......39C.

The Haines Shoe House,
Largest Dealers in Shoes in this district.
NAPANEE

Keep Your Feet Warm.

Very useful advice was recently given by a medical specialist on the question of maintaining health. Although not new it is well worth repeating and bearing in mind.

"Keep your feet warm," he said. "Cold, damp feet are a very common cause of illness." Now I see a doctor testifying that "almost invariably" those who go to him with symptoms suggesting rheumatism wear boots or shoes that are not water-tight. He goes so far as to suggest that the general wearing of rubber soles, or goloshes or Wellington rubber boots would save the uncountable fortunes a year which illness caused by rheumatism and rheumatoid heart disease now cost the nation. Leather he rules out as insufficient protection.

Has Spent $85,000,000.

Since the war the Canadian Pacific has spent $85,000,000 in the British shipyards, this forming part of a $100,000,000 program of construction.

Among the Best Sellers.

On the shelves of bookstores in Paris, the New Testament bound in paper covers is to be found. Its price is the same as that of any paper-covered novel—fifteen francs. There is no preface and the matter is not arranged in texts, but is printed solid.

Cross heads give it a modern appearance and guide the reader through the Gospel. A table of contents arranged like the contents of a novel, ends the work.

WONDERS OF ICELAND.

The Cave of Switzheller Runs Miles Underground.

Above one of Iceland's great lava or lor plains rises an odd, conical-shaped hill. This hill is called Erik's Jokull, and in it is the Cave of Switzheller, which runs for miles underground and has never been fully explored. The cave is entered through a pit, and the door of the cavern is of transparent ice, in the clear depths of which appear fantastic shapes that can be easily imagined as figures of gnomes, dwarfs and crouching beasts, but that are black lava rocks.

The next chamber is the Frost Palace, lined with columns of ice and roofed, curtained and fretted with ice-crystals. At the far end of this chamber is a hollow rock in which coins and cards are left by tourists.

Everybody Pussy-Footing.

As street traffic noises become worse and worse in the large cities, the pedestrian becomes still quieter in his movements, by the use of rubber soles and heels.

Even in Lancashire quietly padding rubber and leather steadily replace the clatter of clogs and wooden shoon. The silent shoes is a modern notion. Noisy boots were formerly something to be proud of. The gallants of Alexandria let people know when they were coming, the London Macaroni of the eighteenth century wore heel-tips that clinked, and a Northampton boot manufacturer says that some of his West Indian orders used to stipulate that the boots must squeak!

The Bridal Eve

(Continued from page 3.)

concerns her ladyship; insist, and she will not venture to refuse you. When you stand before Lady Etheridge say that her old nurse, Magdalene Elmer——"

"Her nurse, mother! You Lady Etheridge's nurse! I never knew that before!" interrupted Rose, in surprise.

"There are many things that you never knew, my child. But attend! Say to the baroness that Magdalene Elmer is dying!"

"Dying! Oh, mother, do not say so! It is very cruel! You are not sick in bed—you are sitting up! You are not old either, but have many years of life before you!"

"Child, hear my words, but do not judge them! Say to Lady Etheridge that Magdalene Elmer, her dying nurse, prays—nay, demands—to see her this night! Tell her that I have a confession to make that she must hear to-night, or never! Conjure her by all she holds dear on earth! by all her hopes of Heaven! by all her fears of hell! to come to me to-night! Tell her if she would escape the heaviest curse that could darken a woman's life, to come to me to-night! to come to me at once! There; get on your bonnet, and go!"

"Mother——"

"Go!"

"Oh! indeed, I fear her wits are wandering! It is not safe to leave her alone!" thought Rose, in distress.

"Rose, will you obey me?"

"Mother, yes, certainly; but let me send some one to stay with you while I am gone."

"Do as you please as to that, only lose no time on your way to the castle," said the woman, in a tone of asperity that admitted of no opposition to her will.

Rose hastily prepared herself for her long walk, and then stepped into the next door to ask a neighbor to attend her mother until she should return, and then bent her steps in the direction of the castle.

CHAPTER III.

Lady Etheridge was sitting alone, wrapped in a love dream, when Mrs. Maberly, her waiting-woman, announced that a young person who represented herself to be the daughter of her ladyship's nurse desired audience.

Rose—for of course it was she—was shown into the chamber, and Mrs. Maberly retired.

"Come hither, my dear," said Lady Etheridge, holding out her hand and addressing her as she would have spoken to a child. And indeed, Rose, though of the same age as the baroness, yet in the fair, soft, delicate type of her beauty, seemed several years younger than Lady Etheridge.

At the invitation she approached and took the hand that was held out to her and raised it to her lips. It was a natural and instinctive tribute to the queenly presence of the lady.

"Now sit down, my dear. You are the daughter of my nurse?"

"Yes, my lady," said Rose, seating herself in the chair at the same table that had lately been occupied by Colonel Hastings.

"And now, my child, tell me what it is I can do for you."

"I have to prefer, on behalf of my mother, an extraordinary request. She prays of your ladyship to come and see her this night," said Rose, reddening.

Lady Etheridge looked up with a surprise and inquiring expression.

"My lady, I know it is a very strange message; but I must give it as she gave it to me. She said: 'Tell Lady Etheridge that I, Magdalene Elmer, her old nurse, prays to see her ladyship to-night. That I have a confession to make, which she must hear now or never. That I conjure her, by all she holds sacred on earth! by all her hopes of heaven! by all her fears of hell! if she would escape the heaviest curse that could blast a woman's life, now and forever, to come to-night, for I am dying!'"

"I will go to your mother immediately," said Lady Etheridge, hastily, as she rang a little hand bell that stood upon the table.

It was answered by a page, to whom she gave the order that a plain, close carriage should be brought round within half an hour.

Rose stood up to take her leave.

"Stop a moment, my dear. You walked from the village?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Then you must not walk back. It would be too much for your young strength. Besides, you would not get back before night. You must ride with me, and you will reach home all the sooner."

"I thank you, my lady," said Rose, blushing at the thought of this honor.

"I have an engagement that will not occupy me more than fifteen or twenty minutes, while the carriage is coming round. After that I shall be at liberty to go at once. I am expecting Mr. Hastings here momentarily. Nay, my dear, you need not leave the room; but when you hear my visitor's name announced you may retire to that bay window. You will find some prints there that may amuse you for the few moments that Mr. Hastings will remain," said Lady Etheridge. And even as she spoke the door was opened, and a servant announced:

"Mr. Hastings, my lady."

On hearing the name announced Rose had turned away and stolen off to the window, within the flowing curtains of which she sat quietly waiting. She heard the lady say, in her peculiarly rich and deep tones:

"Light the chandelier, Williams, and show Mr. Hastings in."

And in one moment there was a blaze of light flooding the library, and in the next instant Albert Hastings entered the room, approached the baroness, raised her hand to his lips, and said, gallantly:

"I am here by your commands, my liege lady, my adored Laura."

That voice!

Rose Elmer started and gazed out from her retreat. Yes, there he stood, her own betrothed lover! bowing over the hand of Lady Etheridge, and addressing to her all those tender epithets of love that he had been accustomed to bestow upon Rose! The poor girl did not faint nor exclaim: the blow was too sudden and too heavy; it stunned and benumbed her into the stony stillness of a statue, as she stood there within the shadow of the window curtains. She was cold as ice, her blood seemed freezing in her veins, her heart was sinking, there was a dead weight in her bosom, yet she was unconscious of these sufferings—every sense was absorbed in witnessing the scene at the library table.

Again he raised her hand to his lips, with more expressions of passionate love, when the lady, with a playful gesture toward the window, indicated that they were not alone. Then they spoke in tones so subdued that they must have been inaudible, at that distance, to any sense of hearing less preternaturally strained than that of Rose.

"I have begged you come here this evening that I may place these documents in your hands," said the baroness, gently pushing toward him a packet of papers.

With a look of interest, he took them up, and perceiving their purport, flushed to the forehead with ill-concealed triumph, as he exclaimed:

"The title deeds of the Swinburne estates!—my adored Lady Etheridge! my beloved Laura! your confidence—your munificence overwhelm me! You—but you never did your own personal worth, nor my love the wrong, to imagine that any mercenary thought mingled with my devotion to you?"

"No, Mr. Hastings—no, Albert! I never doubted, or would doubt, the pure disinterestedness of your regard for poor Laura Etheridge."

"And if this peerless Laura, instead of being the Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne, had been the lowest cottage maiden, I should have loved her all the same! She would still have been the queen of my heart."

"The loved of your heart I do believe she would have been," said the lady, with a beaming smile. Then, with affectionate earnestness, she pressed the documents upon his acceptance.

He made a strong feint of refusing so vast a sacrifice; but finally, with seeming reluctance, suffered them to be forced upon his reception. Then the interview terminated. With the chivalric courtesy of that period, he dropped upon one knee, raised her hand to his lips, arose, bowed and retired.

As soon as she was left alone, Lady Etheridge rang a bell and summoned the little page to inquire if the carriage was ready. Being answered in the affirmative, she said:

"Tell Mrs. Maberly, then, to bring me a dark bonnet, shawl and gloves to this room. I am going out."

When the page withdrew to obey, Lady Etheridge sauntered toward the bay window, saying:

"Come, my dear, I will not detain you any longer."

There was no reply; but on pushing aside the curtains Lady Etheridge found Rose stretched in a swoon upon the floor.

"Good Heaven! how has this happened? Ah, I see, she has had a long walk and probably a long fast, and she looks very delicate. I should have offered her refreshments. How very thoughtless of me not to have done so," exclaimed Lady Etheridge, hurrying to ring, just as Mrs. Maberly entered the room.

"Ah, Mrs. Maberly—here is this poor child fainting from exhaustion; pray, hasten, and bring hartshorn and a glass of wine," said her ladyship, going back to the swooning girl and raising her fair head, and beginning to chafe her hands.

Presently Mrs. Maberly returned with restoratives, and took her lady's place by the fainting girl, and succeeded in bringing her to consciousness. Rose opened her eyes and gazed around with a stony stare.

"Poor child, you fainted with exhaustion. You have overtasked your strength. Here, drink this wine; presently you will swallow a piece of biscuit," said Lady Etheridge, as she held the glass to her lips.

Rose mechanically swallowed a little wine, and then gazed around the room again, and passed her hands thoughtfully across her brow, as though trying to dispel some illusion and collect her faculties. Then perfect memory returned, a rush of indignant blood dyed her face with blushes, she made an effort, arose, and stood upon her feet.

"You feel better now, my child?" said the young baroness.

"Yes, my lady, much better," she answered, steadily.

"You must not overtask your strength so again, my child."

"I will not, my lady. I am quite ready to attend you."

"You do not look nor speak quite right yet, my dear; you had better rest a little longer."

"I prefer to go now, if you please, my lady."

"Indeed, if we were not going to the sick-bed of your mother, you should not leave the castle to-night," said Lady Etheridge.

Mrs. Maberly then brought her lady's bonnet and shawl, arranged them upon her lady's graceful person, and handed her gloves, and in a few moments they left the room and entered the close carriage to drive to the village.

CHAPTER IV.

It was by a soft moonlight that Lady Etheridge entered the street leading to Nurse Elmer's house. The street was very still; for it was the hour at which the hard-working inhabitants usually retired to rest. Lady Etheridge was glad of this; for, idol of the neighborhood as she was, she could scarcely have appeared in the village streets without eliciting some well-meant but annoying demonstration of regard from the people.

The carriage drew up before the humble, almost squalid habitation of the laundress, and Lady Etheridge alighted, saying in dismay and sorrow:

"This is the house of my old nurse! This should never have been, and shall no longer be, her only refuge. She shall henceforth dwell in ease and comfort, please Heaven!"

"Lady Etheridge, you know not what a day, an hour, may bring forth!" spoke a sepulchral voice within the house.

With a shudder of vague alarm, the baroness crossed the threshold and entered the house, followed by Rose. It remained just as Rose had left it five hours before. A smouldering fire in the grate and a flaring lamp on the chimney-piece luridly lighted up the scene. But the woman, Magdalene Elmer, had left the chair and lay extended upon the bed, attended by a neighbor.

"Come hither, Lady Etheridge!" spoke the same sepulchral voice, in a tone of command at strange variance with the relative positions of the speaker and the person spoken to.

The baroness, amazed and wondering, approached the darkest corner of the room, in which the curtained bedstead stood.

The woman in attendance rose and relinquished her seat to the lady.

"And now, Mrs. Martin, take Rose home with you for an hour, for what I have to communicate to this lady must be heard by herself only."

The neighbor, in silent wonder, beckoned Rose, and both left the house.

Lady Etheridge was alone with the strange woman who had summoned her.

Magdalene Elmer raised herself in bed, and put aside the dark curtains, so that the light of the lamp shone full upon her own emaciated face and figure, as well as upon the stately form of the baroness sitting near.

"Now look me in the face, Lady Etheridge."

The baroness raised her own large, luminous, dark gray eyes to meet the fierce, burning, dilated orbs of the woman, and felt a strange, painful, electric thrill shake her whole frame.

"Oh, pray do not look at me so! it distresses me and can do you no good," said the baroness, shuddering.

"Lady Etheridge, you would be astonished were I to address you by any other title than that you now bear, would you not?"

The baroness looked at the speaker inquiringly, and did not answer.

"Or if not astonished, you would only be distressed at the supposed hallucination of your old nurse; therefore, as yet, I shall only call you by the name to which you have been accustomed."

The baroness could only look and listen intently, being unable to conjecture to what the strange words of the woman tended; if, indeed, they tended to anything.

"Lady Etheridge, what sort of an education have you received?—oh, I do not mean as to the polite branches, for I know well that you have had all sorts of masters and mistresses for every art and science that is deemed necessary to the training of a young lady of quality—but I mean to ask you have you received the education that fits, that strengthens, that prepares you to meet trial, sorrow, and adversity; for these are the lot of all; must sooner or later come to every one, even to you, who are styled the Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne?"

And here the woman paused, fixing her wild, mournful eyes intently upon the face of the baroness.

"There is something behind your words, woman," said Lady Etheridge. "What it is you have to tell me I cannot imagine."

"I have a story to tell you, Lady Etheridge, and I had best begin at the beginning; but first pour me a little wine from that bottle on the chimney-piece."

Lady Etheridge complied, and when Magdalene Elmer had drunk a glassful, she drew a deep breath, and commenced her story.

"Lady Etheridge, my father was the game-keeper at Swinburne Chase, as his father and grandfather had been before him. Our family name was Coke. When I was about seventeen years of age, my mother died, leaving to my care one lovely little sister, about ten years old. I became the housekeeper of my father, and the mother of my little sister May. William Etheridge, the late baron, was then about my own age. He had not come to his title, as his bachelor uncle was still living. The young gentleman spent all his holidays at Swinburne Castle, and, during the season employed his time largely in woodland and field sports. He was often with my father and the under game-keepers. And he was also a frequent visitor of our lodge in the woods when there was no one present to prevent his talking nonsense to 'the game-keeper's pretty daughter,' as I was called. And nonsense, and nothing but nonsense it was; yet it won my silly heart, for I was but seventeen. Do not shrink from me, Lady Etheridge. My affections were won—not my honor. And I, foolish creature, believed all his vows sincere, because when he made them he was really in earnest. The spoiled and inexperienced boy believed what he said, when he swore solemnly that he never could love any other woman but me, and that he would marry me as soon as he came to his titles and estates.

"At length the youth took leave of us and went to Oxford. When he returned he still called me his 'Maggy,' but he jested about our childish love. And I, who had grown older, began to understand how impossible it was that the future Baron Etheridge, of Swinburne, could ever marry his game-keeper's daughter, and I bore no malice against this young Oxonian, but I retained in my heart a kindly affection for my boy lover, as though he had been a creature altogether separate and distinct from this fine young squire. And so in my thoughts I separate them still. Well, he went away again, and I saw him no more for two years, for the next vacation he spent with some friends. In the meantime my young sister grew up as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed into womanhood. She had a small and graceful form, delicate features, complexion of the purest white and red, glittering black hair, splendid black eyes, and an ever-varying, most enchanting smile. I was twenty-five, and my sister eighteen, when the young squire came to the castle to pay us a last visit, previous to departing for his tour on the Continent. I never had seen him so handsome and fascinating as he was then. Still I never thought of him except as the young master, and never associated him with the memory of my love; but during the few weeks of his stay he came frequently to our lodge and always seemed affectionate to me I used to do all the shopping and marketing for our little household, and often upon returning from these errands in the village, I found Mr. Etheridge in company with my fair young sister. Upon these occasions he would always spring forward and greet me most affectionately, saying:

"'I have been waiting for you. Maggy,' or words to that effect.

"Heaven knows that I never had a doubt of his honor, or a fear for my sister's heart. I had known the young squire from his boyhood, and though we had once been sincere lovers, he had never done, or said, a single thing to wound my delicacy; therefore, how could I suspect that his visits boded evil to my May? Alas! I did not know how much besides classics and mathematics he had learned at Oxford; no, nor how the world had changed him! I was blind, deaf, senseless to all misgivings. At length the last day of his visit came. The next morning he was to start upon his travels. That night my sister clung to me and wept all night. I could not comfort her. She had been hysterical for several days, and I set it all down to nervousness, never for an instant connecting her malady with the thought of the young squire's departure. The next morning he took leave of us and went away; alone as we thought. That night my May was missing. Ah! I cannot enter upon the details of this sad story. A few days of agonizing and fruitless search, and then we ascertained that she was the companion of his tour. He had waited for her at a neighboring post-town, where, according to their previous arrangement, she had joined him. My father was an old man, in feeble health; he never recovered the shock. The baron was in a terrible rage, and swore that he would never forgive or speak to his nephew again. He did all he could for my father, retained him in his service at full wages, and hired a young man, John Elmer, to do his duty in the Chase. I must hurry over this part of my story. Within twelve months after the flight of May my father died. I married John Elmer, and he succeeded to the situation of head-keeper, and we continued to occupy the lodge. It was in the second year of our marriage that we got news of May. He had deserted her, broken her heart, and she was dead—dead, and in a foreign grave! It was then that I registered an oath in heaven to avenge upon the head of her destroyer the ruin and death of my only sister. And to do this the more effectually, I resolved to conceal the fiery hatred that consumed my heart.

"Another year passed. The old baron died, and the young one reigned in his stead.

"I would fain have persuaded my husband to throw up his situation, rather than serve a master who had wrought us such bitter wrong. But John Elmer was obstinate. We remained, and I buried the bitter hatred in my breast—and bided my time.

"I pass on to other days, when the new baron wooed and won a young and beautiful bride. She was a delicate creature, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, golden-haired—too fragile for the cares of this world, where, indeed, she did not tarry long. It was some fifteen months after her marriage that she died, leaving an infant daughter of only a few days old. Her early death was a righteous judgment on him, the traitor!"

"My mother! my sweet mother, who perished in her early youth! Oh, nurse, how can you say such things of her?"

"Peace, Lady Etheridge, until you hear the rest—it is not much. The new-born babe was likely to perish for the want of a nursing mother. I was then nursing my own child, which was but three weeks old. My husband was down with the mortal illness that finally terminated his life. The housekeeper at the castle recommended that the child should be placed in my charge. I was applied to, and I agreed to nurse the infant, but only on condition that it should be sent to my cottage, and left in my sole care. To this his lordship consented.

"He went away. And then I laid the babes side by side in the solitude of my room, and looked at them. Young infants as they were they were much alike. My own child and my master's were both of the same age and sex, and both little, round-faced, bald-headed, almond-eyed babies, with no more individuality to distinguish one from the other than waxen dolls of the same pattern.

"There, in the solitude of my cottage, I changed the clothing of those children. And three months afterward, when his lordship came home, it was my daughter whom I carried up to the castle to be caressed and fondled, and it was my daughter who was the next week carried in state to the family chapel and christened by a Lord Bishop, who came down for the purpose. It was my daughter who had servants, and tutors, and governesses to attend her by day and night. It was my daughter who was brought up with the state of a young princess. Finally, it was my daughter, who, at the death of the baron, entered into his inheritance as Laura, Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne!" exclaimed the weird creature, her eyes gleaming with triumph, as if again she felt the virulent stimulus of hatred, and tasted the poisoned sweetness of revenge!"

"My God! my God! Oh, woman, woman!—for I cannot call you mother—what is this that you have done?" moaned the lady, dropping her head upon her clasped hands.

"I have consummated my revenge——"

Lady Etheridge shuddered and shrank away from her.

"I have filled my life with remorse——"

Lady Etheridge again shuddered.

"And I have lost my immortal soul! Laura, no longer Baroness Etheridge—Laura, my daughter speak to me, I am dying!"

"Oh, mother! mother! mother! mother!" exclaimed she who was no longer Lady Etheridge, as she dropped upon her knees by the bedside, and buried her face in the coverlet.

"Laura, Laura, speak to me! comfort me! I am dying! Laura, Laura, you at least have no reason to complain you have not suffered by the exchange! You have received the education of a gentlewoman; you should not blame me!"

"Mother, mother, I do not presume to do so; but, oh! do not defend your crime. Repent of it! repent of it! pray God for forgiveness!" sobbed Laura.

"Repent?—I undo my doings. I can go no further," replied the woman, gloomily.

"Ah! my mother, to undo what you have done—to right this wrong, will be more difficult than you think; for though I shall immediately yield up my possession of the castle and estates that I have so long considered my own, yet, believe me, it will be difficult to convince the House of Peers, before whom this matter must come, that the nameless girl whom you deprived of the title has any right thereunto."

"Will it? The proof does not rest solely upon my word or dying oath. Let any one lead Rosamond Etheridge through a gallery of the portraits of her ancestors, and compare her face with theirs, and it will then be seen that Rosamond, in face and features, is a true Etheridge. Or, if more proof is needed, let any one strip up her sleeve, and look upon her right arm above the elbow, and they will see the family mark, the fiery cross, with which, while in Scotland, some ancient Baroness of Etheridge was so frightened as not only to leave its image on her immediate child, but to send it down to all her descendants. Have you, Laura, any such mark, or any such resemblance?"

"No, no; and I remember that the absence of the Etheridge mark, and of all likeness to the Etheridge family, used to be commented upon by the servants in my presence."

(Continued on page 7)

In 5 MILLION HOMES TONIGHT

A host of babies will enjoy sound sleep tonight. And their parents will have unbroken rest. Castoria is the cause of this contentment in a multitude of homes.

Good old Castoria! Children cry for it. Mothers swear by it. Not a household where there is an infant should ever be without it. A few drops of Castoria quiet Baby in a perfectly innocent manner. It is natural slumber that follows. Castoria is a purely vegetable product. No opiates. No narcotics. Of any kind.

Now you know why trained nurses give Castoria as often as an infant is ailing, or even restless. And why doctors tell mothers it is the first and only home remedy when Baby has constipation, colic, diarrhea, or other upset. It is made for babies, and safe to give babies, and other things are not.

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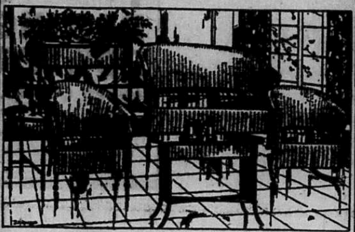

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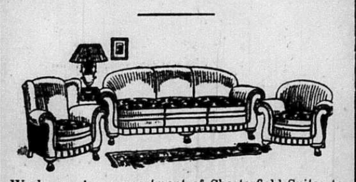

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$26.00 Walnut Finish....Now $23.85
$27.00 Golden Oak....Now $25.65
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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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BROADCAST SALE OF INFANT'S WEAR-THURSDAY!

Hundreds of Little Garments for the Wee Tots at prices which makes the making of them costly!

Another sensational broadcast event—bringing out-of-the-ordinary savings to those who have tested broadcast values and found them amazing in their money saving opportunities. Come early Thursday, February 14th. Quantities are as stated!

Extra! 1200 Flannelette Petticoats Broadcast

19c. Our share 48 Garments. Come early! 19c.

Infant's petticoats of fine imported cream flannelette. In Gertrude style, with cotton top, neatly finished with tucked skirt and scalloped hem. Infant's sizes only. A rousing Broadcast Sale, special each

2160 Children's Flannelette Gowns

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Children's soft, white flannelette nightgowns, in a warm practical style, with long sleeves, high neck, and daintily tucked yoke. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Take advantage of the special Broadcast pricing to fill your children's needs for cool evenings still ahead. Excellent value Broadcast Sale, special, each, 69c.

Children's Creepers

Broadcast Sale Feature

Children's creepers of sturdy cotton print patterned in pink, blue, rose, sand or green. Finished with collars and cuffs of pique. Short-sleeved style with envelope fastening elastic at the knees. Sizes 1 and 2 years. Broadcast Sale, each 49c.

900 Children's Voile Dresses

Our share 24 garments

Infants' dresses of fine white cotton voile. Trimmed with hemstitching, lace and embroidery, and finished with attractive ribbon rosette. Choice of two different styles—one as illustrated—in sizes to fit one and two years. Broadcast Sale, special, each 59c.

162 Children's Flannelette Sleepers

Our share 36 garments

Children's fine, durable white flannelette sleepers, in a warm coverall style, with feet and long sleeves, closely fitting neck, and one generous pocket. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Broadcast Sale, each 59c.

1800 pair Children's Dimity Bloomers, Broadcast, pair

15c. Our Share of This Momentous Offering is 60 Garments 15c.

Children's dimity bloomers—in a firm durable quality, well finished with strong elastic at waist and knees. Colors include pink, peach and white. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. The thrifty mother will be quick to recognize this broadcast saving! Pair

Saturday! 5 Outstanding Specials

Down Filled Comforters

Saturday, 4.98

Thrifty shoppers who come early Saturday will find a substantial saving on these down filled comforters. They are attractively covered with cambric and sateen in paisley patterns with plain borders in blue to match. Generous size. Early Special, Saturday, each 4.98

Children's Waists

Saturday 29c.

A clearance from stock ....offered at substantially reduced prices! Warmly fleece lined, nealy finished and reinforced with strong tape. Sizes 4 to 9 years. Early Special Saturday, 29c.

Full Fashioned Silk Hose

Saturday 1.27

An out-of-the-ordinary offering that wise women will take full advantage of! The hose are fine and clear..knit from lustrous thread silk, exquisite in texture and coloring with mercerized hem. Lovely, shades of chalet, patio, misty morn, mocha, platinum. Sizes 8½ to 10 Early special, pair 1.27

Motorists! Antifreeze

Saturd'y, gal. 109

Opportunities like this are rare! Save considerable on your needs for the balance of the winter. Highest grade antifreeze in imperial gallons. Early Special, Saturday, gallon 1.09

Women's Silk Dresses

Saturday, 13.50

Limited quantity! Be early! A golden opportunity for women who wear large sizes. Flattering frocks, cleverly designed to give a subtle slenderizing effect fashioned from a heavy weight flat crepe smartly trimmed and in the two shades most women can wear confidently—navy and Black. Sizes 38 to 50. Early Special, Saturday 13.50

Eatonia

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25.00

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Men of unquestioned taste are wearing Eatonia suits—wearing them well, too. For Eatonia styles are in step with fashion—cut to fit with neat freedom. The fabrics are sturdy—the patterns distinctively varied—tweeds, worsteds, serges....in greys, browns, blues, lovats, and mixtures.

Try on an Eatonia suit to-day. Appreciate why men have acquired the habit of wearing it year in and year out.

Canterbury

Men's Shoes

From England come these superior quality oxfords in black and brown calf—solidly built, yet comfortable....with all the smartness and good looks that can be possibly built into a shoe. The stout leathers give wonderful service....and this, together with their permanent smartness, make their moderate price an economy in the long run. Sizes 6 to 10½. Pair 9.00

Eatonia

Men's Shoes

The finest regular shoe value which you are likely to find—the hunt for topnotch shoe value ends at Eatonia! Choose from boots and shoes of fine calf in black or brown. All are Goodyear welted, rubber lifts on heels. Sizes 6 to 11. Eatonia value, pair.. 5.00

Eatonia

Boys' Shoes

Boys' admire these shoes for their smartness and comfort.... mothers choose them for their good value and long wearing qualities! Of fine box calf in black or brown....in a choice of oxfords or boots....all with Goodyear welted soles and rubber heels. Sizes 1 to 5½. Eatonia value, pair.. 4.25

Broadcast Sale of Men's Shirts

Saturday is the Final Day

Still a good choice left in sizes, colors and patterns. We advise shopping early in the day!

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Listen in on CKGW, Toronto (312.3 meters) at 6.15 to 6.30, or to CJGC, London, (329.5 meters) at 7.15 to 7.30 for a special

C.D.S. Musical Broadcast

Misses' BRAEMORE Shoes

Smart shoes that misses might wear well with their best frocks! In black and brown calf....oxfords.... popular ties and straps....an extensive choice. All have McKay sewn soles and rubber heels, also leather lined. Sizes 11 to 2. Pair 2.95

Women's Braemore Shoes

Tread Smart Paths--Pair 4.00

Variety and individuality are offered the discriminating woman who chooses a pair of smart shoes from this moderately priced group! Variety in the chic models—straps, ties and pumps....and individuality in smart, new styles and novel trimmings. Come in and see the new spring styles exploited in this good value group. Pair 4.00

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TAMED THE ATLANTIC

COMPARING SHIPS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Mr. E. D. Brenton Describes Early Days of the Cunard Steamship Company—Saw Amazing Changes During Forty-Five Years.

Every great business has had its small beginning. A great idea, a few shillings, and a handful of devoted men— and the outcome has been a concern known the world over, with millions of capital and thousands of employes. In many of the great businesses of to-day there are survivors of those modest beginnings, and Mr. Walter Wood, the famous author of "Survivors' Tales of Great Events," and other books, who is writing a series of articles for Tit-Bits, sought out Mr. E. D. Brenton, late manager of the West-end office, London, of the Cunard Steamship Company, Ltd., and induces him to describe the early days of the Cunarders.

So long as the Atlantic Ferry is written about there will be reference to Charles Dickens' vivid description of his voyage in the Britannia in 1842. She was the wonder of her day, yet the normal staff in her passenger department was two stewards, a cook, and a boy; her saloon was not "unlike a gigantic hearse," her berths were such that "nothing smaller for sleeping in was ever made except coffins," and candle-light almost added gloom to the darkness.

It was with the Britannia and her three sister wooden paddle steamers that Mr. Samuel Cunard, Mr. George Burns, and Mr. David MacIver laid the foundations of to-day's immense Atlantic traffic.

In the Britannic a saloon passage cost thirty-four guineas, including provisions and wine, and there was a steward's fee of a guinea; as much as $6,000 may now be paid by a single passenger in a Cunarder—the Berengaria—crossing the Atlantic, though for a much less sum than it cost Dickens to make the journey a passenger has infinitely better accommodation and catering, and far more security.

Mr.—afterwards Sir—Samuel Cunard was a Canadian, and my father was associated with him at Halifax for some years, and was afterwards London agent for what became known as the Cunard Steamship Company, said Mr. Brenton.

I saw some amazing changes during forty-five years. I saw Cunarders grow and grow in size until the existing leviathans were reached and the little offices gave place to the majestic administrative buildings in Liverpool and New York, with staffs for every sort of work afloat and ashore.

The wooden paddle steamers went out of commission in 1852, having done remarkable work; then came the Andes and the Alps, iron screw vessels, soon taken by the Government as transports to the Crimea.

In 1856 the experiment of a big iron paddle steamer was tried—the Persia, followed in 1862 by a still larger steamer of the same type, the Scotia, but the screw was clearly the best means of propulsion, and the impressive paddle, which had reached a diameter of forty feet, went the way of the wooden hull.

Dickens spoke of taking the milk, in other words, the cow, on board the Britannia—there was a "cow house" on deck, adjoining the starboard paddle-box. At that time and for some years afterwards each Cunarder carried a cow to supply the daily milk during the voyage. There are still old servants of the company living who remember these cows being brought ashore between voyages to graze and recuperate. To-day, of course, fresh milk and cream are carried in the refrigerators in enormous quantities, for sometimes a big Cunarder will have 4,000 people on board.

The Britannia, with her 1,150 tons and 440 horsepower, has been succeeded by the Aquitania, with a tonnage of 47,000, and the Mauretania, with her 75,000 horsepower. A handful of men were enough for the Britannia; the deck, engine, and catering departments of the Aquitania need a thousand. The total tonnage of the original Cunard fleet was 4,600; it is now more than a million, including the subsidiary companies, while the capital has grown from the modest needs of a private enterprise to more than $60,000,000.

One marvels on considering progress in Atlantic travel. I well remember the astonishment with which the coming of the Gallia was heralded in 1879. For her day she was certainly magnificent — she was named in honor of the Paris Exhibition, yet her tonnage was less than 5,000. I travelled in her when she was the crack ship of the line; but she had not got beyond oil lamps — one to serve two cabins — and three bathrooms, one for ladies, were considered enough for the whole vessel. Almost up to this time bathrooms on board were unknown.

What of to-day? Bathrooms abound in every class, and there are the splendid swimming-baths in the big Cunarders. In the Aquitania there are 10,000 electric lights and 1,500 bell-pushes, three miles of carpet, and 2,000 yards of silk damask for wall coverings. In the Berengaria there is a garage for twelve cars.

There is nothing you cannot do on board a big Cunarder—give a private dinner party at sea, a great public ball in dock, hold meetings, dances, concerts, sports, and swimming competitions, and even organize a mannequin parade.

As we talk the Mauretania, the world's fastest liner, celebrates her twenty-first birthday. Even amongst Cunarders she is an extraordinary favorite. She has weathered every peril of every sea in peace and war—for she has been world-cruising as well as trooping in war and keeping her appointed times between the East and West; her mileage is reckoned by the million.

Hungary Adopts Autobuses.

The autobus as a means of swift and convenient travel is winning widespread popularity in Hungary. The number of passengers carried last year having been 7,868,680 against 1,311,680 the year before, according to data printed in the Pester Lloyd. The kingdom is served by 147 autobus lines, with a kilometrage of 3,746.

Growth of Cedar Tree.

It requires more than a century for a cedar tree to grow large enough to yield a 30 foot telephone pole.

BARRO COLORADO ISLE

SET ASIDE AS A PRESERVE FOR WILD LIFE.

Strange Concentration of Animal Species in the Jungles Covering the Top of This Partly Submerged Mountain—Scientists' Paradise.

One of the most wonderful haunts of birds, reptiles and plants in the world has been set aside by the Canal Zone Government as a preserve for wild life and a great outdoor laboratory for zoologists. It is Barro Colorado Island, formed of a mountain peak at Gatun Lake. There, amid the harsh cries of strange bright-colored birds and close to the lairs of serpents and jaguars, the student of biology may pursue his quest for knowledge. Only bona fide scientists may land there.

Barro Colorado is not a large island, Uthai Vincent Wilcox says in the New York Times magazine, yet its acres contain an extraordinary wealth of tropical life. The birds and the other animals that formerly existed in the river lowlands were forced by the rising water to seek higher levels, and as a result there is to-day a strange concentration of animal species in the jungles covering the top of the partly submerged mountain.

Dr. Alfred O. Gross, of Bowdoin College, returned recently after spending many weeks in a study of the island's bird life. He says "almost the whole area is covered with a vegetation representing primeval conditions. Running down between the hills of the island and hidden from view by the luxuriant vegetation are rocky brooks, which during the rainy season pour turbulent streams into the numerous coves forming the jagged coast line."

The tropical climate has done its part in producing another odd sight. When gaunt trees have fallen, after having rotted through at the water line, they have been driven by the winds into the protected coves and there anchored by snags and undergrowth. Such logs have been tied together by the rapid tropical growth to form floating islands. As wind and daily torrential rains covered them with debris, eventually there grew up a new land of great grasses and various odd plants. These gently undulating islands soon became the inviting homes of crocodiles and giant lizards and the feeding and nesting places of a host of tropical birds.

Dr. Gross says: "In time this whole area, including the floating islands, will provide a richness of life the equal of which will be found in but few places of the world."

The National Research Council has provided a jungle laboratory equipped with photograph darkroom, scientific apparatus, and a place for sleeping and eating. James Zetek, entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, station at Ancon, Canal Zone, is in general charge, and various scientific organizations have contributed to making the venture a success.

The rail and boat trip to this scientist's paradise is like a leap into a new and strange world. "Soon after leaving Cristobal," Dr. Gross relates, "the train passed through a marsh that was alive with herons, of which I noted three species. Here were beautiful, immaculate white egrets, standing out in striking contrast with the dark colors of the surroundings. From a dense mass of vegetation growing in the water a flock of little blue herons in white and grey plumage darted out, and further along I saw several black-crowned herons perched in the top of a palm tree. In the topmost branches of a dead tree that was partly submerged was a small group of Brazalian cormorants. Soon after leaving the station of Monte Lirio, I saw for the first time several black jacanas striding over the lily pads of a small lagoon."

As one walks up the 200 steps to the laboratory at the top of the island there is always a changing view of the jungle. "The place seems much like a great zoological garden," says Dr. Gross. "There are the toucans with their enormous and highly colored bills, gorgeous trogons, the long-tailed motmots, dozens of screaming parrots and paraquets and countless smaller birds, including brilliantly iridescent humming birds and highly colored manakins.

"The presence and the notes of these birds, mingled with the howls of monkeys and the cries of unseen creatures in the jungles, make the place weirdly fascinating. The first time I walked down the trails alone and heard the queer sounds, the source of which I could not guess, I felt uncomfortable and ill at ease, but after living there a few weeks, I soon learned that the animals of the jungle, even the larger ones like the peccaries, the monkeys, the ocelot and the jaguar were much more afraid of me than I of them."

Dr. Gross found some odd creatures of the air. There was the oropendola, a large and beautiful bird of brown, black and yellow, which builds a long, pendent nest in a tall tree. The black-tailed myiobiu builds a nest with a secret passageway, hanging it over the water and from a slender limb where monkeys and other raiders dare not venture in seeking the eggs.

The antbirds, which, as their name suggests, live largely on ants, make a nest nearer the ground. Dr. Gross in studying this bird was about to place his hand on the mother bird sitting on her eggs. She flushed from the nest and ran off, fluttering her wings as if wounded. Next she flew to the branches of a tree and began uttering a loud piercing trill. A mate appeared on the scene and they produced such a commotion that it attracted all the other birds in the neighborhood. They added their notes one by one until the monkeys were aroused, and soon the whole jungle was a pandemonium, all started by one little ant-bird.

Whales are Brainy.

The largest brain in the world, according to speakers at a Congress of Natural Science, recently held in England, is possessed by the whale.

Prof. W. Weygand, argued against a prevalent belief that the largest brain claim is shared by whales, elephants, and man. He stated that the whale alone justified the claim, the largest whale ever caught having a brain weighing 7,000 grams.

The human brain, he added, seldom exceeds an average weight of 1,280 to 1,460 grams in the male and 1,140 to 1,340 in the female.

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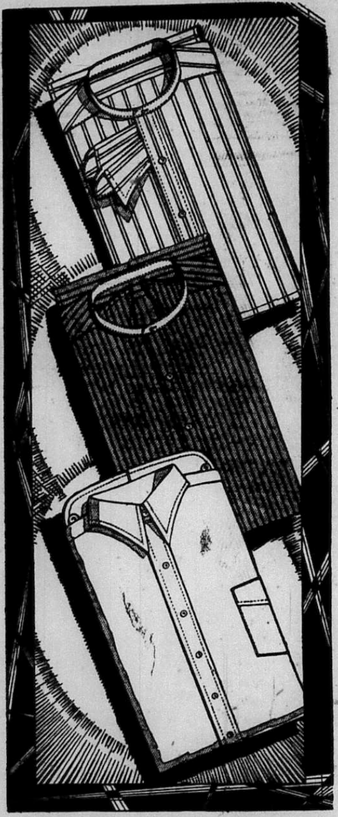

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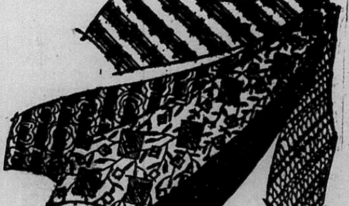

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